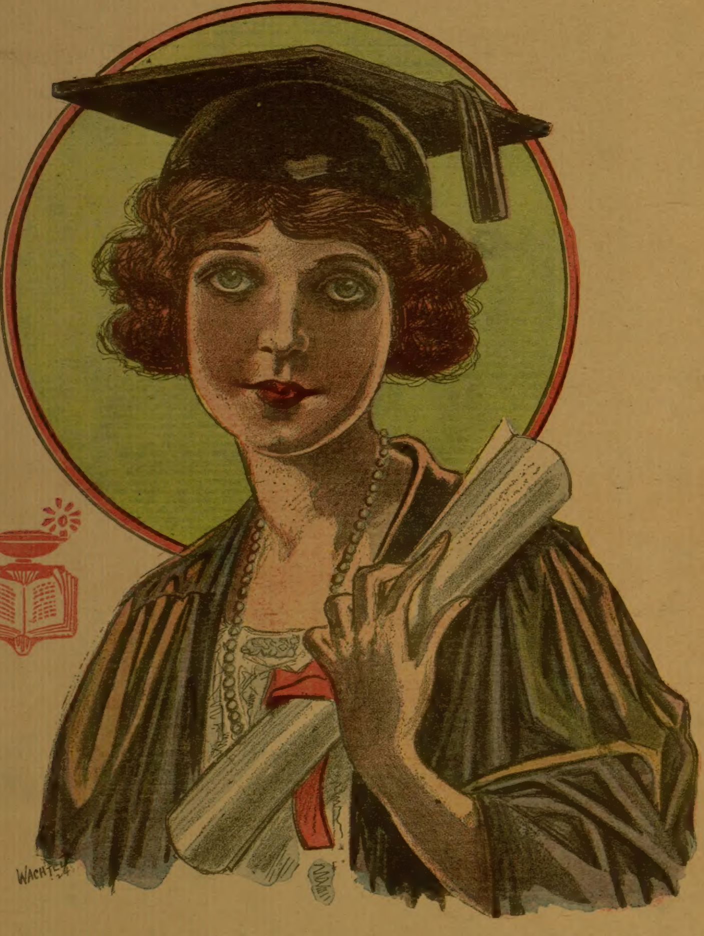
5¢ WEEKLY LEDGER 5¢
ILLUSTRATED STORIES

VOL. LII. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE ,14 1924. NO. 24.



Complete in This Issue, THE PRICE SHE PAID, By Alvah Milton Kerr

Another Story in the Truth-Stranger-Than-Fiction Series.

You Know How the Man Rides Ahead of the Circus Parade and Sings Out: "Hold Your Horses, the Elephants Are Coming!" Well, Here Is a Warning That Is Just as Important. W. P. Barron Has Written a Great Western Story. It Is Full of Exciting Action and There Is in It, a Charming Love Story. You Will Like It and the First Installment Will Appear June 28. We Give You Fair Warning.

"T AND S" IS COMING

Falling Hair
Quickly Stopped and Made Beautiful
A safe, delicately-perfumed germicide—used by millions—a real specific for hair and scalp disorders.
A Single Bottle Will Convince You.
Get it Today
—at your druggist or barber.

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE
BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

Ride a Ranger

The smile of *complete satisfaction* comes with the ownership of a Ranger—The Golden Brown *Aristocrat of Cycledom.*

100% Equipped No other bicycle so completely equipped as the *Motorbike.* In the Ranger line there is a *style* and *size* to suit every rider—Motorbikes, Double Bars, Roadsters, Scouts, Camelbacks, Racers, Juveniles—Girls and Ladies Models, too.

Direct From Factory Shipped on Approval, *Express prepaid* for 30 Days Free Trial. The big free Ranger Catalog shows 44 styles, colors and sizes, from $21.50 up. Do business *direct* with the Makers. With your bicycle get a real 5-year Factory Guarantee with service and parts when needed.

Easy Payments If you cannot pay cash for your Ranger or Pathfinder at our low Factory Price—then agree to pay $5 a month and you can start riding it at once.

Tires saddles, built-up wheels, pedals, lamps, horns, carriers, chains, etc. to fit ANY BICYCLE, at Factory Prices.

Write for Free Catalog, Factory prices 30-Day Trial and Payment Plan.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. K-53, Chicago

Send No Money

Not one cent now. Send for one of these genuine Tifnite gems (nearly one karat) which glow, flash and scintillate like costliest diamonds. Special limited introductory offer. Don't miss it.

Solid Gold Mountings. Latest styles in yellow, white or green solid gold. Don't mistake for inferior silver mountings that discolor finger and turn black.

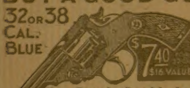
No. 201—Men's Massive, Heavy Weight Flat Belcher, $4.98
No. 202—Ladies' Hand-Made Solid Gold Solitaire . . 3.98
No. 203—Hand-Engraved, Fancy Basket Mounting . . 5.25

Put it beside a Diamond. Tifnites are sparkling GEMS. Stand diamond acid test; will not melt. Do not confuse them with glass imitations. When ring arrives, pay postman only advertised price. Wear it and enjoy its marvelous beauty 10 days on FREE TRIAL. If anyone can tell it from a diamond, send it back and we refund your money. If you keep it, there are no more payments. Send strip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint, for ring size. Write today.

The Tifnite Co., 1469 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2 Chicago

BUY A GOOD GUN

32 OR 38 CAL. BLUE



Top Break—Double Action

5 shot nickel or blue steel. Long or short barrel. True aim and great penetrating power. Automatically ejects all shells. Hammer safety. Used by detectives the world over. 32 cal. $7.40; 38 cal. $7.80.

Send No Money Pay on arrival our bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today. NOW.

PRICE CUTTING CO., Dept. 45M, 55 Broadway, New York

Under Ground Treasures
HOW AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

A SECRET you should know. It may mean a fortune to you. Full particulars for 2 cents.
MODEL CO. Dept. 37, Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

3 Growing Ferns Free

LOVELY FERNS BEAUTY FERNS

Ferns are most beautiful house plants—brighten the home and everyone likes them. They grow the year round and require just ordinary care and attention. This assortment of charming ferns will be selected by us from the following favorite varieties:—Boston, Lace, Ostrich Plume, Whitman, Elegantissima, Scott; all strong, vigorous plants and sent carefully packed by mail, prepaid.

FREE OFFER To introduce our big monthly family story paper, Home Folks, to new readers we will send three growing Ferns free and postpaid to anyone who send us 50 cents to pay for a two year subscription. Home Folks is full of good stories, latest fashions, fancywork designs, recipes, household helps and will entertain and interest the entire family. Send your order today and address

Home Folks, Dept. F. 2, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

WEEKLY LEDGER
ILLUSTRATED STORIES
[Copyright, 1924, by W. D. Boyce Co.]
VOL. LII. JUNE 14, 1924. NO. 24.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of march 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 25 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

A RED CRISIS

By Alice Fisher

I SUPPOSE if it hadn't been for my husband's taste for red hair I wouldn't be sitting here now, with my dark brown locks so nearly ruined. My hairdresser says it will take time to get back the natural shade. I'd like to know what Bee put on it, but when I ask she just rocks with hysterical laughter. Tho my husband likes red hair on other women, he certainly doesn't like it on his wife!

Bee has wanted me to ask him if there ever was a red-haired women in his life before I entered, but I couldn't ever get up nerve to ask him; anyway, I took him for better or worse, and if I got worse—well, maybe I'd better start at the beginning.

It began at the Foresters' lawn party. She was entertaining for her niece, who always stops over for a week or two with her aunt on her tours from one end of the States to the other. The last season when she came she had a small brunette, one of her college chums, with her, besides a trunk and two suitcases, so said Miss Grundy, who lives across from the Foresters. There isn't anything in the village of Camden that she doesn't seem to know, but the last time—oh, dear me! She brought the most ravishing titian-haired beauty of statuesque height, so I heard from the village gossips, tho I didn't pay much attention, until Bee came in one day all excitement.

"Say," she says with many gestures of disapproval, "do you know there is some red-haired beauty in town? She came with Lucile Forester. You know she always brings some one with her, but for the love of Mike, why couldn't she have brought some one with hair of a different shade? If I were in your place, Amy, I'd certainly keep John Berkley, Jr., tied to my apron strings until she leaves, which won't be very long, you know! This town is entirely too slow for Lucile."

"You know," Bee continues, with a new sort of feeling, "John's weakness for the titian-haired. Wonder if he ever had a girl with red hair? I'm glad my Jim don't take to it, or I'd feel he was a goner right now. You should see her, Amy; she's a beaut!"

"I presume," said I, "that I will see her, for I just received an invitation from Mrs. Forester this morning to attend a lawn party on the 15th, and that's only three days, and I'm going, and, of course, I wouldn't go without John. You know, Bee, we're not asked to her parties so often and I'm not going to miss this one. I know John likes red hair, but he never let any woman with that color hair come between us.

"But Bee!" I exclaims, "didn't you get an invitation to that party? Surely they wouldn't send me one and not you, when you and Jim are a step higher in Camden society than John and I."

"Of course, Amy, I got one; I forgot all about it in the excitement to get over. I'm warning you, tho, I wouldn't go. You could make some excuse. Just say you're sorry, but you've got an invitation out of town for that night. If you don't go I won't, and we'll beat it to town that night for a good show. I'm not crazy about going, anyway."

"Thanks, kind friend," I said, "but I am going to the party. I'll look over my wardrobe for my best-looking dress. Which one do I look best in, Bee; you've seen them all?"

"Why," says Bee, with an air of finality, "I'd wear the red one, it goes so well with your hair and complexion."

"Oh, but Bee," I broke in, "John said he never wanted to see me in that thing again. What am I to do?"

"I can't tell you; you'll have to do your own choosing," said Bee, "but pick out one that makes you look the youngest. Well, so long. I'll probably not see you until the night of the party because I've got to get something for myself to wear. Be sure and curl your hair all over; you look ravishing that way."

"Don't worry about me," I called as she disappeared thru the shrubbery.

Why should I worry about John falling for Lucile Forester's guest when she would soon be gone again? I know John likes red hair; I admire it myself on some people. Absurd to think of such a thing, and my spirits having risen considerably by the time my husband came home, I wanted to see if he had seen the girl with Lucile. They have been all over the village, so every one says, but I have been looking for something decent to wear and had not seen her. The red dress Bee suggested does become me most of all. Maybe I can get John to let me wear it once more. Of course I could go against his wishes and wear it, but when one has agreed to love, honor and obey—well, they can't decently break the vows, can they? Of course, I've known them to break them, but such a break—I want to live in peace, and John is such a dear! I never saw him very mad but one since the nuptial knot was tied. I thought we were one then, but when I opened one of John's letters—it didn't amount to anything—but such an explosion! He said, "Never, never open another letter of mine," and other things that wouldn't look nice in print. He doesn't open mine.

I'll see that John gets the very best dinner, just the things he likes best, then, after he has eaten, I'll put it at him about the red dress. If I can't wear it, I'll know I picked the wrong time, but I don't know what else I'll wear if I can't. Beatrice Wilson and I have been close friends since our grammar school days. We went to high school together and then to the same college. No wonder we understand each other so well. Bee married somewhat better financially than I, but it didn't impair our friendship. Perhaps Bee knew something she didn't want to tell me when she was over giving me all that advice!

When I asked John if I couldn wear the red dress again to the party, such a look as he gave me when he said, "Amy, I thought that was settled."

"But John," I parried, "I haven't another thing decent to wear to Mrs. Forester's party. You know every one will have on the best they have because there will be a lot of people there who don't get asked every often. Mrs. Forester's niece and the young lady that came with her (I didn't dare mention about her beauty to John after our talk about her that morning) will be dressed in the swellest clothes that can be bought. Why, they say her allowance is a good bit more than you make. Oh, well, I suppose I can stay home. I haven't another decent thing to wear."

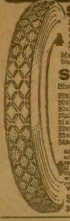
"Well, surely you don't call that decent!" John interrupted. "Get Beatrice and go up to town tomorrow and get what you need. You can charge it; they

(Continued on Page 14.)

AUTOMOBILE MAKES 27 MILES ON AIR.

An automobile goes 27 miles on air by using an automatic device which was installed in less than 5 minutes. The automobile was only making 26 miles on a gallon of gasoline but after this remarkable invention was installed, it made better than 57. The inventor, Mr. J. A. Stransky, 1001 Eleventh Street, Pukwana, South Dakota, wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.—Adv.

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR



Send No Money!

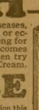
Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous New-Tread Tires—as illustrated—at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcases money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.85	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.10	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT when cash accompanies order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3291 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois



Stop that ITCH!

Are you a sufferer from skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts, or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when itch is taken away? Then try the soothing D.D.D. Emollient Cream.

Trial Tube FREE

Like the famous D. D. D. Prescription this cream is composed of well known healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc. Gives instant relief from that burning, itching torture. The very moment it touches the skin, the itch is gone!!

D.D.D. Emollient Cream

Send your name and address for a generous trial tube of D. D. D. Cream. The first touch from this trial tube will give you instant relief no matter how long you have suffered. Trial tube is free. No obligation. Write today. A postal will do.

D.D.D. Co., 3845 Ravenswood Av., Dept. 3535, Chicago

ONLY FOR LIMITED TIME $11.95

THE FAMOUS
WILD CAT

Regular Swing-Out, Hand-Ejecting, Left-Hand Wheeler Revolver
32-20 or 38 Cal. 6 Shot

Quick as a flash, with great penetrating power and true marksmanship. Made of Bilbao blue steel, rifled barrel. With inspection plate and automatic hammer safety $11.95

Every Gun Brand New and Inspected.
All guns shoot Standard American Cartridges.

SEND NO MONEY Pay on delivery $11.95 plus few cents to cover shipping expenses.
MONEY BACK PROMPTLY IF NOT SATISFIED.
NEW YORK IMPORTERS COMPANY,
Dept. W170, 200 Broadway, New York City

Note how FLEXIBLE
Pay on arrival
$1.87 and Postage

Send NO Money

YOU will be delighted with the *Style, Quality* and blessed *Comfort* of this handsome new model.

Your friends will marvel at their smart style. Your happy feet will enjoy their soft kid leather. Double-flexible leather soles. Live rubber heels, too! These are

"Genuine BEAUTY-FITS"

Your money back if their beauty and high quality fail to please you.

SIZES—2½ to 8. Or, send number in your best fitting shoes.

ORDER QUICK—Your name and size on a postal will bring your pair. Keep your money till they arrive.

BRADLEY, B-53, NEWTON, MASS.

IMP O LUCK COIN 98¢
HERE'S YOUR GOOD LUCK

WHY BE UNLUCKY?

Many strange reports of good fortune are traced to Imp-O-Luck Charm. *Make* things come your way. Get the Master Imp's formula for good luck in love, business, games. Carry his symbol with you always on chain, ribbon, fob or in pocket. Send no money. Pay postman only 98c when oxidized silver charm, wishing rules and good luck formulas arrive. Don't wait, address

NOW

IMP-O-LUCK CO. Room W Spencer, Ind.

14K WHITE GOLD FILLED

FREE

Valuable Wrist Watch, 25-year Guaranteed White Gold-Filled Case
ABSOLUTELY FREE
Be among the first to send your name and address for Free Offer.
A Wonderful Surprise awaits you. Hurry! Write Today.
GREAT LAKES MDSE. CO.
340 W. Huron St., Dept. 200
Chicago, Ill.

30 DAY TRIAL FINE STROP FREE

We will send a STERLING razor on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.97. If not, costs nothing. Fine Horsehide Strop FREE. Write today.
STERLING COMPANY Suite 24 BALTIMORE, MD.

PATENTS Write for free Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers and RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK. Send model or sketch of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C

Another "Truth Stranger Than Fiction" Story.

THE PRICE SHE PAID

Gossiping Tongues and the Fires of Jealousy Are Responsible for Many Crimes. In This Story, Which Has Its Counterpart in Real Life, Gossip and Jealousy Make a Murdering Fiend of a Charming Woman in Whom Love and Hate Always Were Struggling for Mastery.

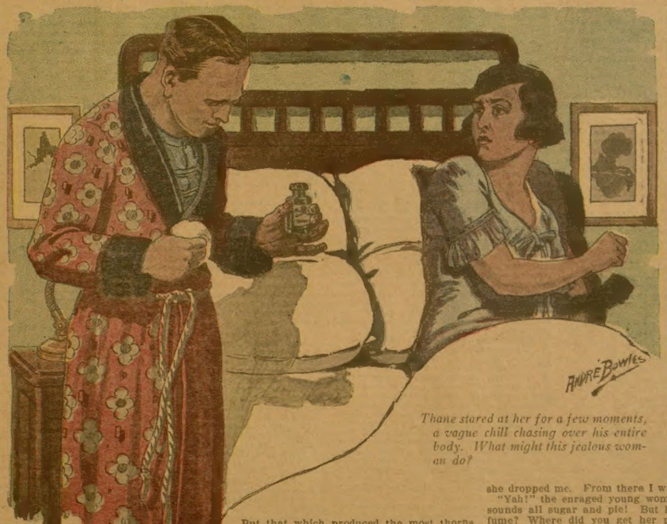
BY ALVAH MILTON KERR

TRESS DAMONT was made of tigerish stuff. Nature fashioned her of materials that easily grew hot, alike from either love or hate. Her blood had its fountain somewhere in the South. Its source trailed away toward the remote past in a number of intertwining red rivulets, as is the case with the blood that pulses in every human heart.

She did a terrible thing. Well, we all have hundreds of ancestors, and most of us share an inheritance of three or four races. Is it strange that most of us, in moments, are lawless, and again in other moments are devout? They who set going the forces that produced us were that pattern. We live by the law of Cause and Consequence. Tress Damont did. None of us can escape that law. We are what human history has made us.

But Tress Damont had more than common fire; she also, in moments, had more than common cold. By times she was as burning ice, if it were possible to fancy so strange a thing.

Back of her, among her ancestry, there must have lived some very bad people, also some handsome men, and some women that were beautiful, for she herself was both bad and beautiful. But not always bad, by any means, for she had her "good" hours and days, when the sun shone and the earth turned on its invisible axis smoothly and to her liking.



Thane stared at her for a few moments, a vague chill chasing over his entire body. What might this jealous woman do?

We find her a nimble-footed chorus girl, one that could prance and sing and "twinkle" her big eyes and shapely legs with the stars. That was in a Texas town, where there were oil gushers.

There Thane Carleton came into her life, a blue-eyed, blond fellow, whom women cared for easily, in truth, too easily. Yet, he was not at all bad, just humanly proud of his straight features and straight figure and nice hands and glossy, yellow hair.

Almost at sight Tress and he fell wildly in love with each other—perhaps a little too "wildly," since from the first, if their love had been analyzed, it would have been found to be rather of the body than of the soul.

There is but one safe course for so passionate an attraction — in the end it must become spiritualized, or prove dangerous. The love of a man and woman which does not, in some sense, transmute itself into a kind of sacred and holy fire, as the flame of passion wavers and tires, is likely to fall into temptation and jealousy and violence. It was so with Tress Damont and Thane Carleton. Their love ended in tragedy.

Thane was dabbling in oil stock in the Texas town. He called himself a "promoter," but he was hardly that. He and Tress followed the "primrose path of honeyed dalliance" for a time, then one day in spring were married. Life seemed to them an airy bubble that floated in fragrance, until the money gave out and the bubble hit the earth. Then they awoke, or rather Thane did.

One morning as they finished breakfast, Thane flipped the crumbs of toast from his vest and said:

"How would you like to go out to the coast country to live, Tress? The earth actually vomits oil out there, and I believe I might get my claws on some stock, or a land lease, that would cause us to ride in a chariot with super-stuffed cushions. What do you say?"

Tress clapped her shapely hands. "It listens like ~and opera and fourteen karat rocks!" she chanted. "Let's go!"

They went. Los Flores, which ultimately received and domiciled them in a flower-embowered bungalow, was a considerable town not far from the sea. The earth, as Thane had said, did "vomit oil" in that region.

Thane began selling oil stock on commission, keeping a weather eye out for an opportunity to organize an oil company of his own. But Thane Carleton was not really a money-maker, he was a spender. Tress was an able assistant in that line. Result: Now and again they were "flat broke." Then they nearly always quarreled. Tress would blame Thane because he made so little money, and Thane would retaliate by charging Tress with being a "bank-busting waster." They were very human.

But that which produced the most thorns among their roses was Thane Carleton's handsome face, and his young wife's jealousy. Thane could smile on a woman in such an engaging fashion that her heart was very apt to melt and "run over," at the expense of her brains. Still, he was not conspicuously worse than most men. He liked to be admired, and what man does not?

What he did not wisely consider was the special brand of "molten lava" that flowed in the veins of Tress Carleton. His vanity, as with most pretty men, did not permit him to see much beyond the end of his own rather small, straight nose, or he would have been aware that smiling on ladies, other than his wife, was about as safe a business as playing dentist to a rattlesnake.

He and Tress went thru some very sharp personal encounters during their first year in Los Flores, especially when Thane came home late at night. He was apt to find Tress lying in bed, as straight and rigid as a stone image, her green-gray eyes burning bright, not unlike great opals reflecting the restless light of flames.

Sometimes she arose and upbraided him in language that made him cringe; again she simply turned upon her side and seemed to go to sleep, saying nothing. But once when she was thus lying as if asleep, she turned over toward him and slipped her arms about him and suddenly set her white teeth into his neck like a wolf.

Thane screamed in pain and terror and beat her off with his fists. He leaped out of bed, flashed on a light, and stared at her, holding the wound in his neck with shaking fingers.

"What in the name of Satan are you trying to do?" he demanded.

She spat out some blood, the pupils of her eyes were red. "You come home to me at night! There's not to be any woman but me, and you get that straight!" she panted.

"You talk like a fool!" he shouted. "I was not with a woman! I was playing poker with some of the oil crowd, down at Bentley's!"

"You lie! You were with Margy Leonard! I know the perfume she uses! It's on your clothes! She's a scheming vixen—her husband only dead three months! Don't I know her? Haven't I been with you to her flat, playing cards? Don't I know the perfume she always uses—hasn't she given me some on my handkerchief more than once? And you come home to me here at 3 o'clock in the morning, with that perfume on you! I'll kill you one of these nights! Now you——"

"I tell you I was not with Margy Leonard! I was playing poker with the boys at Bentley's!" he fairly roared. He was dabbling a wet disinfectant on the wound in his neck with a piece of cotton, which he had got from a dresser.

"At Bentley's!" she sneered. "You were seen with Margy Leonard at about dark, riding with her in her car, down on Seventh street! Mrs. Cassick saw you and told me."

"Mrs. Cassick, and some of these other gossips around here, will ruin you, Tress! They are worse enemies of yours than Margy Leonard ever was. Maybe this Cassick woman, jammed up against us in her bungalow and oozing her poison to you across the back fence—maybe she did see me in Margy's car, for Margy picked me up, as she was passing, down on Third street, and took me over to Seventh, where she dropped me. From there I walked to Bentley's."

"Yah!" the enraged young woman snarled. "That sounds all sugar and pie! But how about the perfume? Where did you get her particular brand of incense? Tell me that!"

"She had bought a new bottle, and she pulled the stopper and dabbed some of it on me, just for fun. And here you act like an insane female snake! Now I've got to go to a doctor in the morning with this neck of mine! You ought to be——"

"Don't con yourself that you've got me fooled and limping! You've been with Margy Leonard a lot of times, and you've stayed over night with her several times, or most of the night. Bessie Young says she thinks so, and Mrs. Cassick is positive of it. Maybe I'm sending you to the doctor now, but you look out that I don't send you to the cemetery one of these days! You let Margy Leonard, and other women, alone!"

Thane stared at her for a few moments, a vague chill chasing over his entire body. What might not this jealous woman do? Did he really know her? Neither her face nor her eyes looked natural. Only the light quivering in the ripples of her bright hair, and against the pale green silk of her pajamas, appeared as he had often seen it. She threw herself back recumbent among the pillows, and drew the bed-clothing up to her chin and closed her eyes.

Swearing under his breath, Thane softly slipped a revolver from a dresser drawer and went into the spare bedroom and crept into bed. But he did not sleep. He kept his fingers pressed upon the wound in his throat. It ached. But just as dawn was breaking Tress came softly into the room. He grasped the revolver and looked at her quickly. A red beam from the half-arisen sun came thru a window and beat against her like some sort of ethereal blood.

But to his immeasurable relief her wild mood had melted in contrition. Her eyes were veiled in tears and her full bosom was heaving. She crept into bed with him and hid her face against his breast and wept, and they were reconciled.

"I love you, Thane! Life would be worth nothing without you!" she sobbed. "You mustn't tempt me. Terrible feelings come into my heart sometimes. You don't know how terrible! But I couldn't hurt you, dear! I wouldn't! But Margy Leonard had better let you alone! I am your wife, she is not! I——"

THANE CARLETON'S heart swelled with pride and importance. Lord, but what a lady killer he was! How utterly this tigerish wife of his loved him! Still, he must be a little more careful how he flung his charming smiles about, and he had better come home to Tress more punctually and regularly. That was what he told himself as he kissed her tear-wet face.

And he did for a time; then he lapsed into his old habits. In truth, he loved poker, more than he did women, other than his wife. But he liked inordinately the flattery of women's responsive attentions; it fed his egotism. In pure fact, he had not related himself to Margy Leonard in the way that Tress fancied, yet had flirted with her perilously. The gloating gossips had done the rest.

Then, in order to gain diversion and adorn herself with finer clothes, Tress presently joined the chorus of the Standard Theater Stock Company, a local show house, and began dancing and singing again. But she seemed unduly nervous and irritable, and twice violently attacked another girl in the chorus of whom she was jealous.

For that she lost her position, which did not improve her temper. Thane unwisely laughed at her, a dangerous thing where Tress was concerned.

White as white paper, she put on her coat and hat and silently left the house. Thane called after her to come back, but she did not even turn her head. She went directly to the home of Bessie Young, who lived with her father and mother in a flat on Twelfth street. Bessie was a member of the Standard's chorus, and becoming involved in Tress Carleton's quarrel, resigned when Tress was discharged. They were in sympathy with each other and resentful toward the world in general, and their own sex in particular. It had been a woman, the chorus leader, who had discharged Tress and who had snappishly accepted Bessie's resignation.

"She's an old cat!" declared Bessie, "and the balance of that bunch of high-kicking screechers are a lot of female poodles! You look solemn and sore, but don't you mind, old plump legs! There are other things to do besides slinging one's hoofs over one's head before an audience and singing off the key in trying to get one's breath!"

"Oh, yes, I know all that," said Tress, in a strained, weary sort of way. "Being fired doesn't bother me much. Margy Leonard and Thane were out riding together in his car this afternoon; I caught a glimpse of them from the street car when I was coming from the theater. I suppose he 'just casually picked her up,' as he says. Come on, let's go to a picture show; I want to get my mind off that woman."

"Off old gimlet-eyes, at the Standard?"

"No, that Leonard girl, the cuddling husband stealer!"

"Say, Tress, if I was in your shoes I'd break that girl's bob-haired bean with a brick, or something! She is carrying things too far. I wouldn't stand her interference for a holy minute, not me! But come on, we'll just about be in time for the second show at the Palace."

"What's on over there?"

"'Swift Avenging Hate.' They say it's warm."

"I fancy."

"Yep; one of the hottest that ever came out of Hollywood."

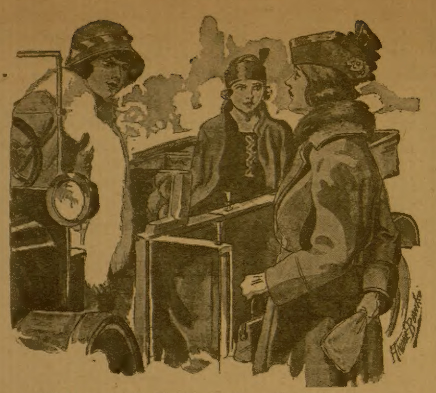
"Glad of it!"

When the two young women came home, at about 11 o'clock, Bessie Young said: "Come on in, Tress, and sleep with me. We will talk things over. Of course you're not going home at this time of night?"

"I'd rather not go home. I don't want to see Thane, not tonight; I'm tired of fussing."

"Oh, well, he's probably not at home, anyway. One can easy imagine where he's nesting." The black-eyed, pug-nosed girl laughed, but Tress was silent.

When they were in the bathroom, washing off the cheek-rouge and rather heavy carmine left by the lip-stick, Tress said:


"Won't you get out, Margy? I want to talk a little with you."

"I didn't think much of that piece. The lead just wished that the woman who was vamping her husband would die, and she kept wishing it and wishing it, and the vamp up and died! What rot—thinking somebody to death! I'd want some heavier weapon than thought, even if that thought was soaked in hate!"

"Yes, something about the size and weight of a good healthy hammer, with a hickory handle to it!" laughed Bessie.

Tress was beginning to rub on cold cream. She stopped and looked at the other girl steadily for a few moments, and again her green-gray eyes were burning opals. She said nothing and continued rubbing the cream on her face, but her eyes kept on gleaming fiercely.

After they were in bed they talked for a long time, canvassing the wrongs of Tress principally, but criticising the vamping ways of some women and the yielding weaknesses of all men. Bessie was particularly warlike in her expressions of what she would do, were she wedded and the vamps would not let her husband alone. Intoxicated with her own irresponsible gab, she went on suggesting violence of action to the young wife lying beside her, not aware that she was helping to lay the foundation of a ghastly tragedy with her foolish tongue. Once, as she talked, she turned over, facing Tress. She fetched a little gasp of fright.

"Lord, but how you scart me!" she exclaimed. "Why, dearie, your eyes look like a cat's eyes in the dark!"

"Never mind; better go to sleep," was all Tress said.

THEY did not arise until late in the morning. Tress was normally talkative to Mrs. Young, but she looked wan and by times her mind seemed far away. Bessie and she went down into the business section and got a late lunch—and after that went shopping. Tress purchased an inexpensive gown which she had delivered at Bessie's flat. Then they entered a variety store and Tress bought a hammer. It was a cheap affair with a spruce-pine handle. Bessie locked at her questioningly.

"What you getting that for, dearie?" she queried.

"Oh, every once in a while I need a hammer at home. What you said last night reminded me."

A rather odd expression mirrored itself on Bessie's face. "I carry my hammer under the roof of my mouth," she laughed.

"Yes, you don't need an iron hammer with which to do your knocking," assented Tress, with a grave kind of smile. When they came out the door of the store, she hesitated. "I have a notion to go round to a barn and hire a car; I feel like getting out in the country. Wouldn't you like to take a drive?"

"Sure thing. I ought to be looking for another job, but that can wait. Too bad you can't have the use of Thane's car."

"I do some, but he's running out to the oil fields a good deal with it." At the end of another block Tress suddenly said in a half-whisper, "There's Margy Leonard, across by the Second National Bank! Just got out of her coupe and is going into the bank, I think. Let's window-shop around that way. When she comes out I want to ask her to take us riding. I want to see how she talks about Thane—maybe I can get her to let him alone."

"You'll be more likely to get into a hair-pulling scrap."

"Well, what if I do? It won't be the first time I've licked a woman! But I only want to talk to her. Come on."

When Margy Leonard came out of the bank, the two young women were sauntering by. They nodded to her smilingly. Tress turned aside and shook Margy's hand warmly, and suddenly became one of the most alluring and charming of creatures. Bessie Young was astonished. Margy was a brown haired, pretty girl, who was secretary to one of the officers of the Second National, but was now on a two weeks' vacation. Upon the death of Drake Leonard, her young husband, a few months before she had purchased an auto with a portion of the money received from his life insurance. She was a sweet and inoffensive girl. She and Drake had frequently been to dances and card parties with Thane Carleton and his wife. Margy and Thane had been good friends from the first. Tress noted it darkly. Instead of returning to the home of her sister and parents when her husband died, Margy kept her flat and lived alone. The limber tongues of the gossips wagged.

"I want awfully to go out and see Lillian Powers, out near Faraway," purred Tress. "She's just got her first baby; I'm dying to see it. You know Lillian, don't you, Margy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"If I had our car I would take you out, but I guess Thane has it, somewhere out among the oil wells. I——"

She had Margy Leonard cornered. As Tress had foreseen, Margy offered to drive them out to Faraway. They talked on general topics as they rolled out thru the town into the edge of the country. Margy was pleasant and Tress was charming. Bessie Young said little, but kept watching Tress, vague wonder and fear in her heart.

Tress had the hammer in a paper bag, holding it on her lap. Her eyes were gleaming, her lips smiling, but now and again she swallowed almost painfully, as if her throat were dry.

Finally they struck a stretch of road that curved up a long hillside without any house in view. "Wait a minute, I want to get out," suddenly said Tress. Margy stopped the car. When Tress was on the ground she said very sweetly, "Won't you get out, Margy, I want to talk a little with you?"

The unsuspecting Margy stepped to the ground. Then the face of Tress Carleton turned white and hard, and she savagely charged Margy with vamping and seducing her husband.

In horror Margy denied the charge, and started to get back in the auto, but Tress caught her and whirled her across the road, and grinding fierce epithets thru her teeth, dealt her a crashing blow upon the head with the hammer.

Bessie Young screamed and leaped out of the car and ran toward the two struggling young women. Margy, blinded by the blood that streamed down her face, tried instinctively to get away, but Tress held fast to her, battering her momentarily with the hammer.

"Save me! Save me!" Margy screamed.

Bessie tried to stop Tress, but failed, and turned and ran down the hill a short distance, unconscious of what she was doing. Sick and panting she came running back. The handle of the hammer was broken, Tress was using a heavy stone instead.

Margy Leonard was dead. Terribly disfigured, she lay beside the road, a victim of flaming jealousy. Then Tress Carleton awoke from her fiendish, insane dream. She was suddenly wild with panic. Like every one who murders, having taken the life of another she became exceedingly concerned about saving her own; having rendered her life worthless, she wanted to keep it.

Drenched with blood and disheveled, she got into Margy's car and took the wheel. "Get in here," she said to Bessie, "and keep your face closed about this or I'll fix you, too!"

The sun was sinking over the mountains. Drawing the curtains of the coupe, Tress drove rapidly toward town. White and weak, Bessie cowered in a corner. It was growing dark when they passed Bessie's home. Horrified, the girl locked herself in her room and claimed to be ill.

TRESS drove rapidly to the Carleton bungalow. Thane was there. "In God's name, Tress, what have you done?" he cried when he saw her.

"I've killed the woman you love better than you do me! Get this dress off me and throw it in the bathtub and turn hot water on it! Wash it while I change my other things! We've got to cover up this thing!"

Then ensued a frightful scene. Thane began to denounce her as a murderess, but in return she fiercely denounced him as the cause of it. "You will be in the papers, and you'll be at my trial as a witness, if this isn't covered up!" she hissed at him. "Don't think you are out of it!"

Seeing himself involved, like the handsome coward that he was, Thane washed the bloody dress. Half-stunned, frightened, all his faculties in a riot of terror, he began working to cover up his wife's crime.

Later in the evening, Tress drove Margy Leonard's car, followed by Thane in his own car, out into the country. She hid the murdered girl's car, and Thane picked her up and brought her back into town and put her in a room at a cheap hotel.

He had to have money in order to send Tress away, if that seemed necessary. About midnight he found Dau Toover, a fellow card player, who had been driven out of the Texas oil fields for lawless practices. Of Dan he borrowed a hundred dollars, and adding what he himself had, started Tress for Texas on the first morning train. She was to stay near the Mexican line, and, if her guilt were discovered, cross into Mexico and hide.

But Thane was concocted of yielding stuff. His conscience pained him, and later in the day he went to police headquarters and confessed. Tress was taken from the train in Arizona, brought back to Los Flores, and placed in jail. She still professed to love her husband.

Poor Margy! She had been found at twilight, lying by the roadside, unspeakably shocking of aspect. Horror thrilled the town; even the police force was stirred. Bessie Young was ferreted out and confessed what she had witnessed, but she did not confess that her tongue was one of the chief actuating causes of the tragedy. Neither did Mrs. Cassick come forward and blame herself with the poison hints she had poured into the ears of Tress. On the contrary, Mrs. Cassick rolled the hideous matter about on her tongue as a sweet morsel for many a day. She is looking for other cases that may make her seem important in the venom-exchange of the loose-talkers.

In time Tress Carleton went to trial. Insanity, self-defense, justified provocation, all the tricks of the criminal-liberating trade, were tried, but she was sentenced to prison for a series of years.

Today she is sadly sewing gunny sacks in the department for females, in a penitentiary. Gossiping lips, for the most part, made of her a criminal fool. The principal net result seems to be that poor Margy Leonard is in her grave, and that Mrs. Cassick loves to talk about it. The secondary result consists largely in the fact that Thane Carleton flirts less, so far, and that Bessie Young is pensive and her flapper tongue flaps a trifle less.

THE END.

WHY HE SLEW HER—Another Tragedy from the Book of Life

The third story in this series of Truth-Is-Stranger-Than-Fiction Stories deals with a husband's strange crime and is a graphic picture of the conflict which every human being, in some measure, wages against strange impulses and subconscious forces. Mr. Kerr has done nothing more interesting than this "fictionizing" of fact brought out in a famous murder case. This story will hold your breathless interest from the first to the last word. Watch for it!

HIDE *and* SEEK

BY GEORGE BOARDMAN POTTER

Virginia Wanted to Take the Detective Down a Peg or Two, and Her Good Friend, Loring, Was Quite Eager to Help Her. They Started a Little Game When Virginia Took Mrs. Southey's String of Pearls. Then Loring Played His Cards and Discovered That the Detective Still Held a Trump or Two.

VIRGINIA AINSLEY was seated with Loring near the French windows, watching the guests. Absently she toyed with the diamond pendant that hung, by a silken ribbon, about her neck. Suddenly she spoke:

"There's Leon Courtrie now, by the fountain."

"Yes; I've been watching him," replied Loring. "Rather inclined to be important, I should say."

"He is," agreed Virginia; "tho he's a gentleman. He has the reputation of being the most successful society-detective in the country. I found him interesting enough. Mother introduced me."

"Wasn't he piqued at being disclosed, even to the daughter of his employer?"

"He did seem to disapprove. But he's so sure of his trade, as he calls it. Absolutely no chance of any one's making away with one of our guests' precious jewels! Mercy no! Quite impossible, Mr. Loring, with his alert mind on guard!"

"I'd like to try him out, Miss Ainsley. Wouldn't it be sport to beat him at his own game!"

"I'd love to, just for fun; to bring him down a peg!"

"We might arrange a little game between us — hide-and-seek the jewel. Shall we?" Loring's eyes sparkled eagerly. "You and I together surely could show our detective a bit of fun. Why not? With your diamond pendant, for example."

"Oh, not that, Mr. Loring! Wilbur gave it to me when we were—when we became engaged."

"We'll have to pass it up, then. Wilbur Jordon's too good a friend. We can try something else."

"You knew Wilbur before?"

"Well, not exactly. He brought me out in town, so to speak. Introduced me at the club; mothered me socially. You see, I had letters, and—well, Jordon did the rest. I've traveled so much late years, I thought it'd be nice to stay in one place awhile. Jordon made it easy for me here."

"The guests are gathering round; Professor Manitz is going to play. Just see mother, the poor dear! She simply must be everywhere at once. She takes these things so seriously. Come along, Mr. Loring, and I'll present you to our celebrated society-detective."

"And we'll rile him a bit just to hear him roar."

"Yes; let's. We'll tell him we're sure we can hatch out a little game of hide-and-seek the jewel. But I wonder why Wilbur doesn't come."

"He said he'd be along later. A client kept him, I believe. He has a wonderful practice, Miss Ainsley; a brilliant lawyer."

They made their way thru the lane of palms, out into the reception hall, for fear of disturbing the violinist. Entering the ballroom again, they found Leon Courtrie standing near the fountain. Professor Manitz was rendering Brahm's Hungarian Dance. Courtrie seemed lost in the wild, plaintiff call of the fairy waltz. Miss Ainsley touched his arm. Courtrie turned slowly, his deep-set eyes thoughtfully contemplative under dark lashes. His face cleared, and he smiled.

"This is Mr. Loring, Mr. Courtrie. I've been telling him about your wonderful success. Of course I know you won't like it; but a man of your skill mustn't be bothered with little things like that. Even if all the guests knew you, and your reason for being here, why——!" She waved an expressive hand.

"Don't you think Miss Ainsley is trying to ruffle me, Mr. Loring? I forgive her, tho."

"I knew you would, Mr. Courtrie. Mr. Loring and I were discussing your—your profession. We were wondering if all your success was due to skill, or whether, perhaps, luck didn't enter at times."

"Not at all. We never recognize chance. Everything is an absolute certainty. Every law-breaker leaves his signature in some form. Each personality is distinctive; and even dead men—they say they tell no tales — distort things according to their own perspectives."

"Absolutely impossible, then, for any one here to borrow a pearl or diamond, for example? Couldn't successfully conceal it so you couldn't find it — and them?"

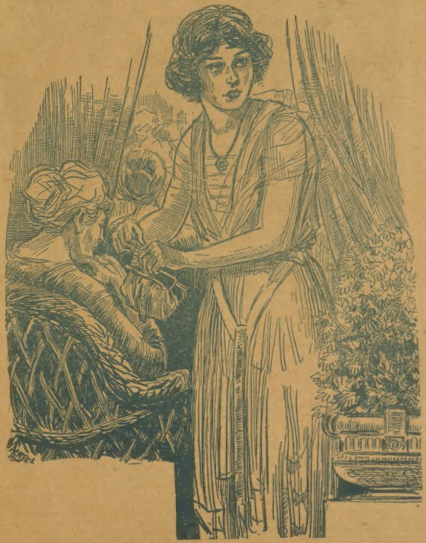
"Absolutely, Mr. Loring. If it were the plan of one person, it might take longer to work out. Two or three would make it easier for me, simply because several minds never dovetail well enough for success — in this line, that is. Why? Were you thinking of testing the theory"

Mr. Loring stared for a moment at the detective, apparently weighing the remark before answering.

"Yes; frankly, I was, Mr. Courtrie. Miss Ainsley an' I thought it might be fun to play a little game of hide-and-seek the jewel with you."

Courtrie turned to Miss Ainsley, smiled at her for a moment, as one does upon a person whom one rather pities.

"I wouldn't let any such foolish idea get the better of your good judgment, Miss Ainsley," he advised sternly. "It's better not to trifle with such matters. The law is harsh, as your—as Mr. Jordon will tell you. And we, the arms of the law, seldom fail—for the moment, perhaps, seem to—but in the end——"



Swiftly the little pearl collar was thrust into her vanity bag.

"Just the same, Mr. Courtrie, I'd like to try it out," she retored, piqued. "You're only human, you know. Skilled and brilliant, I confess; but the others —the law-breakers — aren't there rare brains among them them, too?"

"Surely; but the chances are all on our side."

"I thought you belittled chance, a moment ago," remarked Loring.

"Yes; on our side, against us, there is no chance. But the law-breaker, his plans and reasonings, chance plays havoc with them."

"Humph! Another case of the hen and the egg. Which first?"

Courtrie studied Loring's expressionless face, then turned away.

"Isn't that Mr. Jordon?" he asked. "He's looking about, probably for you, Miss Ainsley." He bowed, offered his hand to Loring, then left them.

"Well, what do you think of him, Mr. Loring?"

"More or less like all the others. He's shrewd, no doubt, in his way. He rather punished you, Miss Ainsley, with his fatherly advice and stern manner."

"Makes me mad, too. I'd just like to get even. I'd match my wits against his. Then if he's a gentleman, he'd acknowledge his master."

"I don't blame you a bit. What he said about two or three working together strikes me as good, forceful advice. The 'lone hand' is usually better in—in many games. Guess I'll have to draw out of our little plan after that."

"I shan't. I'm going to make him eat humble-pie."

"Hadn't you better think it over first, Miss Ainsley? I really don't blame you for feeling that way. He was too free with his advice; but I wouldn't do anything on the impulse."

"There comes Wilbur. I'll take you over to Barbara and Mrs. Goodsell, under the hanging balcony there."

Miss Ainsley returned quickly, then with Jordon sought her mother.

"No use; she's flitting about from pillar to post."

"Let's sit here, Virginia," suggested Jordon. "Just think, I haven't seen you for ages!"

"Since morning. Does it seem like ages, Wilbur?"

"Certainly does."

"Then why didn't you come earlier?"

"Simply couldn't get away. Head over heels in that Industrials Merger. And I've only dropped in for a few moments. I've got to go back to the office right away."

"Wilbur Jordon! You certainly are the——? Merger! What of it!"

"I know, Virginia; but I must. I'll promise to be back and——"

"And say good-night."

"Won't that be something."

"I suppose so."

"Wish your mother wasn't so—I ought to pay my respects." He was silent, his eyes upon the guests. The weird note of the violin held his attention.

"Who's that rather lonesome-looking young gentleman, Virginia—near the fountain?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm afraid I oughtn't to tell; but I will. That's our brilliant Mr. Courtrie, mother's guardian of the gems."

"Detective!"

"Yes. And he feels it immensely."

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing; but he—he just impresses me as being largely concerned with himself."

"You talk as if he'd done something. That reminds me, I see you're wearing your—our—pendant. It's a beauty. Somehow, tho, it doesn't seem to sparkle as it usually does."

"Maybe it takes its appearance from my moods."

"Silly girl! Don't feel that way. I wish you'd string it on something stronger, tho. That ribbon seems so frail; but there's your friend Courtrie to guard it, so it's safe."

"I doubt if he even noticed it."

"I must go, Vi. Remember, I'll drop in and say good-night in about an hour."

VIRGINIA walked down the drive with Jordon. The May night was soft and still. Jordan's car was parked under the great elm across from the French windows, on the south side of the house. Virginia watched him drive away, then hurried back to the house. She was thinking of Wilbur, then of Loring. Her pique at the detective returned. His rebukes caused her face to flush and her eyes to snap angrily. Stepping in from the sun-porch, she saw Loring thru the men's smoking-room. He stood beyond the doorway, near Mrs. Southey.

Virginia noticed that Mrs. Southey's head was bowed, resting on her hand, as she listened to Professor Manitz' ever-singing violin. Her eyes were closed; she appeared to be lost in reverie—or was she sleeping! Her silvery hair and peaceful face caused one to forget the shrunken little figure and marks of age. She was sitting back from the ballroom, almost hidden behind the draperies of the doorway. Her two daughters, Ester and Faith, were seated in front of Mrs. Southey. She had chosen a secluded spot. Virginia watched Loring as he stood close to the old lady. He turned, no doubt hearing her. Quickly he came, drawing out a cigarette from his gold case.

"Think I'll step out to the drive and smoke a bit."

"It's a rare night, Mr. Loring. Just like——"

"May?" suggested Loring.

"Yes," laughed Virginia. He went thru the French windows, and Virginia hesitated.

In thru the smoking-room and then near the draperies behind Mrs. Southey! Suddenly Virginia learned forward, stared! Mrs. Southey's pearl collar, a little two-strand affair of small but exquisite pearls! It was unfastened, and had slipped from its place about her neck, resting partly upon her shoulders and the high back of the chair. Was she asleep! Virginia held her breath. Courtrie and his redicule! It was her chance! Yet she hesitated. Should she? Chance playing into her hands. . . . Courtrie had said there was no such thing in his reckoning. But for the law-breaker—chance played havoc!

Virginia scowled thoughtfully. Her fingers twitched. They'd think it was merely lost. She could easily slip it under the chair—later, and then laugh at Courtrie. Suddenly she stole forward, reached out a hand ever so gently. Swiftly the little pearl collar was thrust into her vanity bag.

A panic seized her. What should she do now! Perhaps slip away to her room. No, that wouldn't do. She'd be missed. But she mustn't stand there! Anywhere but there! Quickly she turned —and saw Loring coming thru the French windows into the room. Had he seen her! Was he watching all the while! The blood left her face.

"Hasn't the Professor finished yet?" he asked.

"I—I think so."

"No; an encore. I should think they'd be fed up. These musical geniuses never seem to finish."

Virginia was silent, nervously fingering her vanity bag. She clasped and unclasped the catch.

"Don't you want to get a breath of air?" suggested Loring. "We might walk the length of the drive and back."

She eagerly accepted. They strolled toward the street gate. Returning to the porch, Virginia uttered a startled cry. Her bag had caught on the honeysuckle vine. She tugged at it in the semi-darkness.

"Let me do it," offered Loring. He freed it for her, and they went inside.

MRS. AINSLEY met them, face twitching, and hands twisting about her handkerchief.

"Quick, Virginia!" she whispered hoarsely. "Excuse us, Mr. Loring, please." They moved away.

"What ever—ever shall we do, Virginia! Mrs. Southey's—her pearl collar——! Oh, to think—right here—in my house!"

"What, mother!" stammered Virginia.

"Pearl collar—Mrs. Southey's. It's—it's——"

"You mean she's lost it?"

"Yes, yes; instead of——"

"Stolen?"

"Don't say it, Virginia!"

"Does Mr. Courtrie know?"

"Of course. He's looking. And Mrs. Southey—such a friend. She came—told me quietly."

"You looked about, mother?"

"Yes; yes, child, of course. Everywhere. Then I got Courtrie."

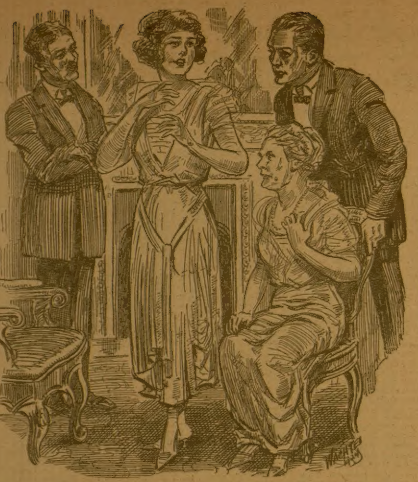
"That's what he's here for, isn't he?"

"I know; but the disgrace."

Mr. Courtrie came from the ballroom. Mrs. Ainsley hurried to him. He raised a silencing hand.

"It will be all right, Mrs. Ainsley," he soothed. "Perhaps you had better go to Mrs. Southey and assure her that it will be found. It has simply disappeared for the moment. Don't you agree, Miss Ainsley?"

She lowered her eyes, tried to answer.



"My pendant!" gasped Virginia, her hand quickly feeling for the jewels. "Why——!"

was silent. Mrs. Ainsley left them. Virginia and Courtrie were alone.

"Well?" he asked coldly.

After a moment he added: "Our little game of hide-and-seek the jewel, I presume. Now what shall we do? Doesn't it seem foolish for you to take such chances, simply to cater to your feelings? Let's give it up. We can so easily arrange to 'find it' to the satisfaction of your mother and Mrs. Southey."

"Why—what—what ever do you mean, Mr. Courtrie?"

"I wouldn't take that stand. It won't help. I'll grant that perhaps you had some reason—just a foolish desire to play it out. But what's the use? You know, as I said, there's no such thing as chance, only against you."

Virginia had regained some of her natural confidence. It was too late to turn back, anyway. Let them fight it out.

"And then, too," continued Courtrie, "two of you working together makes it easier for me."

"Two what? What do you mean? It isn't——" She stopped suddenly, bit her lip.

"So that's it? I thought it might be two. Suppose I were to search your vanity bag? Of course I'd dislike to, but with your permission——"

"My vanity bag? And why?"

"If you don't know anything about it, you won't object. But if it was your little game of hide-and-seek, of course you'd be more clever than to carry the collar with you, openly."

"Then why search the bag?"

"Because you're not really clever. That is, not in this kind of thing. You haven't had the training that a high-class person of this sort needs."

Virginia's face flushed with anger. "Here it is, then. Take it." She thrust the bag into his hands.

"No; you open it and look. I'll rely on your—your—— If you say it isn't there, then we will look elsewhere."

Virginia snapped open the bag, prepared to admit defeat. Angrily she thrust her fingers in to draw out Mrs. Southey's pearls.

They were gone!

Virginia gasped. Courtrie eyed her silently, then smiled. He nodded his head in affirmation of his thoughts.

"So that's it?" he whispered.

Loring came from the ballroom as Mrs. Ainsley and Mrs. Southey entered the room.

Courtrie spoke first. "It's perfectly all right, Mrs. Ainsley. We will find the missing collar near where Mrs. Southey was sitting. Don't you agree with me, Miss Ainsley?"

"It must be so if you say so," retorted Virginia.

Loring laughed, then broke off into a fit of coughing, as if to cover his lapse of good manners.

Courtrie went swiftly to the doorway, parted the draperies and stood for a moment without moving. Then he reached a hand into the massive brass pot of ferns, and drew out the pearl collar.

"How ever——" began Mrs. Southey. "I remember, tho—it did feel as if the collar had slipped from place. The music—I confess, Mrs. Ainsley, I showed a lapse of manners. I'm afraid I caught a nap."

"Singular how the clasp became unfastened," remarked Courtrie, dryly. "Does it need repairing? What do you think, Mr. Loring?" He offered the collar for his inspection.

THE guests were being served with refreshments. Loring led Virginia out to the porch. He wasted no words.

"Why did you ever do it?" he asked concernedly.

"How do you know I did?"

"I saw you. When I came in, after my cigarette, I stood watching you. I saw it all—the loosened collar—your vanity bag——"

"But where did it go? How did it get into the pot of ferns? I was simply cornered, ready to surrender to Courtrie."

"Can't you guess?"

"Certainly not. It's a sheer mystery."

"Recall our little walk along the drive after you had taken the pearls. Remember? And your bag catching on the vine? I opened it and took out the collar, to save you. While you and Courtrie were playing your game of question-and-answer, I put the pearls where they were found. But how foolish of you, Miss Ainsley."

"That miserable detective. . . . I wanted to beat him."

"It takes years of practice and training, skill in playing things. You really ought never—"

"And of course Courtrie knows it was I."

"Certainly, Miss Ainsley; but he did act nice about it."

"It makes me mad!"

"I know. He seems to delight in belittling your mental powers. I don't blame you. I'd wish myself to get even; but he's shrewd. See how quickly, after you discovered the collar was gone from your bag, how quickly he knew that some one else had helped you. He knew your surprise wasn't feigned; and he knew just where he would find the jewels 'planted.'"

"Do you suppose he suspects you?" asked Virginia, alarmed.

"I presume so, but what of it? It's all over. The pearls were simply 'lost.'"

"I'm a hundred times indebted to you, Mr. Loring. You've been too generous. I suppose I'll have to confess that I've acted rather brainless."

"But you would still like to get the best of Courtrie, I know. Maybe we will—who knows."

"Wouldn't I!"

"It takes a professional—a thief to do that."

"I suppose so."

"Jordon's about due, isn't he? Suppose you had lost your diamond pendant? The ribbon seems so frail."

Virginia placed a hand about it.

"Let me see," offered Loring. "It's dark here, but I can feel. Yes; it's all right. That little affair of ours makes us all creepy, I imagine. I think I'll say good night to your mother. I'm not quite used to society hours; traveling the rougher places has gotten me out of practice."

HE BROUGHT Virginia in, and was about to say good night when Courtrie approached. Smiling, Loring offered his hand to the detective.

"Going already?" asked Courtrie.

"Yes. Late hours are too much for me. Your evening, Mr. Courtrie, wasn't without its compensation. . . ."

Virginia reddened.

"Rather tame, tho. A bit too simple. I hope you have enjoyed yours, Mr. Loring—and Miss Ainsley."

"Immenseley," laughed Loring.

As he was shown out, Virginia watched Courtrie step thru the French windows and walk in the direction of the street gate. Her head ached painfully; she sought her mother. Why hadn't Wilbur returned!

The guests had gone. Jordon had returned. Mrs. Ainsley was telling him about Mrs. Southey's unfortunate experience. Virginia was silent as Courtrie joined them. They waited for him to speak.

"Did you think it better, Miss Ainsley," he asked, "to put away your diamond pendant, in view of Mrs. Southey's unfortunate loss?"

"My pendant!" gasped Virginia, her hand quickly feeling for the jewels. "Why——"

"It's gone!" declared Jordan.

Mrs. Ainsley sank into a chair and covered her face with trembling hands. "Oh, dear—dear—what next!" she moaned.

"How long have you known Loring, Mr. Jordan?" asked Courtrie.

"Loring? Why—only jut a few months. Why?"

"I understand he brought letters of introduction."

"Yes. Perfectly all right, too, from the Lees of Norwich."

"Are you sure they were all right?"

"Why—yes. I had no doubts."

"I have. In fact, Loring isn't what he pretends to be. His letters were apparently forged. Loring, Mr. Jordon, is a very shrewd, high-class thief, to speak frankly!"

"Loring! I don't believe it!" cried Virginia. "What proof have you?"

"We have the proof, his record—and other things. I'm sorry to say he's taken your pendant."

"Virginia!" cried Jordon. "And I introduced him. But I honestly thought his letters were just what they seemed to be. And now your pendant—! But I'll get another, dear."

The butler brought in a message for Virginia. It had been handed in by a special messenger. She tore it open, read it and silently passed it to Courtrie.

> One good turn deserves another, Miss Ainsley. Fair exchange. Sorry, but thanks.

"As I said," remarked Courtrie, "Loring has the pendant. The message is from him. He expresses sorrow for depriving Miss Ainsley."

"Don't you suppose, then, that it was he who took Mrs. Southey's pearls?" demanded Mrs. Ainsley. "And they weren't lost?"

"It's very possible," replied Courtrie, dryly, meeting Virginia's pleading eyes.

"But why did he put them back?" asked Jordon.

Courtrie shrugged. "The ways of the intelligent law-breaker are often hard to explain."

Mrs. Ainsley drew Jordon aside. Courtrie beckoned to Virginia. He spoke hurriedly, in a low voice:

"Please don't have any fear that the others will know, Miss Ainsley. It's safe with me. Only don't—please don't!—do anything like that again. In a way you are not to blame. Listen closely. Loring is a very clever thief. He planned the whole thing carefully, deliberately. He cunningly planted in your mind a desire to play the game of hide-and-seek the jewel. And he caused you, by his nagging reminders, to become piqued with me. Isn't it so? I know his methods. Then he launched a first attack—a mere feign—on Mrs. Southey's pearls. There is no doubt but what he loosened the clasp simply as bait to catch you, to persuade you to take them."

Virginia gasped. "Yes; yes!" she cried. "I remember. He stood behind Mrs. Southey, then went out on the drive, and—yes, he came in just as i—as I—had taken——"

"I know, Miss Ainsley. Then he picked the pearls from your vanity bag, and put them in the pot of ferns, pretending to save you. That little move gained your gratitude and confidence for him, making it easy for him to launch his real attack—the diamond pendant. All of us were supposed to be so taken up with Mrs. Southey's pearls, that your pendant would never occur to us. Do you see?"

"To think—! And I deliberately let him take it, outside on the porch, when he pretended to see if—Wasn't he clever! I apologize, Mr. Courtrie. I've simply been a miserable little fool!"

Courtrie patted her arm reassuringly.

"There's one thing more—I haven't told any one." Virginia hesitated a moment, then added: "The pendant Loring took wasn't the real one. I had a paste one made. I was wearing it tonight."

"Good for you!" laughed Courtrie. "Who says you aren't clever?"

"What are you two whispering about?" asked Mrs. Ainsley.

"I was just telling him," replied Virginia, "that the stolen pendant was paste. The real one is safe upstairs. So you won't have to buy another one, Wilbur."

He kissed her, excusing himself. "Meanwhile Loring goes free," he remarked.

"Hardly," rejoined Courtrie. "We seldom work alone. My men followed him. I stepped out to warn them when Loring left. He will be arrested—has been, in fact—as he went from the telegraph office, after sending his message to Miss Ainsley."

THE END.

BACK STAGE

BY JACK WOODFORD

A Play in One Act

CHARACTERS:
ADA PERKINS.
MARION RAWLINS.
TED PERKINS.

The curtain rises upon a comfortably furnished living-room in the snburban home of the PERKINS. The furnishings are not new, but they are of excellent quality and tastily arranged. The room bears evidence of the fact that it, and the house of which it is a part, are presided over by a competent, thrifty housekeeper.

ADA PERKINS sits reading in a large comfortable armchair. She is not strikingly pretty, but is neatly dressed in a becoming house gown and has an unmistakable air of refinement and poise.

At rise, a clock on the mantlepiece strikes five times.

ADA (speaking aloud to self): Goodness, 5 o'clock, I must get dinner started, he'll be home in another hour! (Bell rings, she hurries from room, returning immediately with a flapper attired in expensive furs of the latest mode.)

ADA: Won't you take off your things and be seated Miss——

MARION: Miss Rawlins; Marion Rawlins.

(Marion is about 20, pretty, slim, blonde.)

ADA (vaguely): Oh, yes.

MARION (Sits uneasily on edge of chair without removing cloak or hat): I have come to talk about Ted.

ADA: Ted (sits down opposite caller)?

MARION: Yes; Mrs. Perkins, I've a startling revelation to make, I sincerely hope you're not given to hysterics.

ADA: Hardly.

MARION: Well, then, I can get right at what I was going to say. (Removes gum from mouth, carefully adjusts it to bottom of chair.)

ADA (frigidly): Well?

MARION: It's this way, Mrs. Perkins. You see, I'm your husband's stenographer. Been with him for a long time. Let's see, it will be three months this coming January. Do you believe in love at first sight?

ADA: I'm more inclined to favor the second sight theory.

MARION (puzzled): Huh?

ADA: I was just being facetious. I presume you have come to tell me my husband has taken a fancy to your figure.

MARION: My goodness! You must be a mind reader! Gee, I wish't I could be as calm as you! Ain't you going to raise er—aintcha going to—I'm awful glad you take it this way, Mrs. Perkins. You see, our love for each other is one of these inevitable things that fate sometimes decrees regardless of——

ADA (smiling warmly): "That fate sometimes decrees regardless of the will of mortals." I remember the caption well, it was in "THE DESERT LOVER."

MARION (astounded): Yeh, I believe that was where I saw it!

ADA: Did my husband send you to me?

MARION: Heaven's no! He's too self-sacrificing to do anything like that. Never in a thousand years could he bring himself to say anything that might cause you pain. I took it upon myself to come. I felt that it was my duty; it would be cruel, cruel, for me to allow him to go on suffering in silence. His soul is grouping, reaching out toward mine, in the vast, vast——

ADA: "Ethereal realm of things unseen;" with due credit to C. Emory Talcott, author of "UNCHAINED."

MARION: Say, you go to the movies a lot, don't you?

ADA: Yes, that's where I've been getting my romance all these years. If it weren't for the movies some of us, "dunce's of a modern man's harem," would forget that there was such a thing as love.

MARION: That's just it; that's just what I wanted you to see. Now, lookit; what's the use of us all going on this

(Continued on Page 15.)

More Complications Confuse Smith, the Reporter, in This Installment of

The Voice of the Seven Sparrows

BY HERMANN L. REDLICH

Synopsis.

The events of the next few minutes were disconcerting, to say the least. Smith was lowered like a log of wood to the dark sidewalk, whisked into a wheezy automobile on the deserted curb, rushed to the river, lowered into a rowboat, and was soon going up the Mississippi under the power of strong arms. The rowers rowed along in silence for a while, and at length hooked him and his bonds to a cable lowered from a vessel bearing the name "City of Rio." Thus he was raised to the deck, and dragged downstairs to a tiny inside cabin where they at last loosed his bonds. Here, a while later he was confronted by

CLAUDE DE MORAES, the first mate of the City of Rio. De Moraes bitterly accused him of being "Harry Hatway," a New York reporter who had once written up a set of scurrilous articles on the Southern fruit and coffee trade as well as the masters and mates thereof, and showed him a letter supposedly sent to Barker and stating that "Harry Hatway" was in New Orleans on a story and was calling himself "Absalom Smith."

Smith knew only too well that Barker had duped the Brazilian mate; and in desperation because De Moraes declared he was going to carry Smith clear to Brazil as a common sailor, tried and tried to convince the Brazilian that he was not "Harry Hatway." At last, after several long, exhausting arguments, he got the mate to agree to send one of his sailors to a New Orleans paper, to ask to see a picture of the original "Harry Hatway," and then to come back to the ship and prove that Smith and Hatway were not one and the same.

Unconvinced, De Moraes sent.

CAMPOS, a Brazilian sailor, to find a picture of Harry Hatway. But after long waiting, Smith, pacing up and down in the closed cabin, felt the ship begin to move, and when at last he was brought hastily upstairs he found that he was on the bosom of the Mississippi, far down the river from the city. Campos had made the ship just as it was pulling off, and, while vindicated, it was now impossible to land Smith before reaching Havana.

Seeing a big excursion vessel coming up the river, Smith begged De Moraes to allow him to leap and swim for it. De Moraes reluctantly complied, but warned him that he would likely meet his death in the icy waters sweeping down from the North.

He jumped and swam for it, nevertheless, for he realized that Barker was playing some big game back in New Orleans. He was nearly exhausted when the band aboard the Belle of Dixie stopped playing, his last shout of "help" sounded out, and, as the big ship swept down upon him, ropes and men's arms from the lower deck hauled him aboard, chilled, weak, and nearly drowned.

Two hours later, dried out at the engines, he was taken to the wireless cabin to make a report of his rescue for the ship's log. There, on a strange machine called a radio-dictaphone, which transferred radio-news to wax cylinders and then repeated it off, he heard several surprising pieces of "hot" news.

The chief surprising thing that he heard was that a man had been attacked that night near Chinaman's Block and had been killed by two knife stabs. He had been identified by papers on him as Absalom Smith.

And in so far as Smith had seen his own papers sent that night to Barker by a messenger he realized that his old enemy was no more—but had been killed on account of those same papers. Lucky, Smith told himself, that he himself had not been on Chinaman's Block this very night.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVEN A LETTER MAY HAVE ITS GHOST.

SEATED on the very edge of the wooden chair, his eyes riveted on that ultra modern instrument which had just completed calmly announcing his own death in New Orleans this night, Smith's mind ran hither and thither trying to find some light. Now that the words no longer sounded in his ears, he found it difficult to believe he had heard them; yet heard them he had, for every enunciation, every inflection of the sending voice, was present in the news bulletins which came from the surface of that ever-waiting war cylinder. And so Sam Barker had gotten what might have been his own fate.

It was no chance murder, this killing that had taken place tonight on South Rampart street near Chinaman's Block. The fact that the victim had been dispatched with knives showed only too plainly a premeditated assault. Yet what was back of it? But as his mind beat impotently against this problem to which he could find no answer, there suddenly came to him the recollection of the spurious story that was to have been sent over the wires to Chicago—the story that was to have enmeshed the dead Sam Barker into a net of his own weaving. True, Barker had evidently in some way become cognizant of the fact that Smith was trying to ensnare him, but how soon after interviewing Pansy St. Clair had he become so? Granting that that little blond actress had played her part successfully, had Barker soon thereafter sent his interview with her—with the supposed Beatrice Mannerby—over the wires? If so, had he yet killed it by a further quick wire tonight before he himself had met an unexpected fate? Or was it even now being thrown into lead slugs in the Argus offices nine hundred miles to the North? With the condition of the telegraph system, hundreds of miles of sleet laden wire lying in the fields of southern Illinois, New Orleans talking to Chicago clear around New York City, there was no telling what was the answer to these questions—no answer at least until he had seen Pansy St. Clair herself. And Smith began to fidgit in his chair as he realized that his very next step must be to speak with the musical comedy girl whom he had last seen that morning.

But his stay on the Belle of Dixie, a thing irking but demanded by the laws of courtesy, was to be terminated, for the wireless operator returned whistling along the deck with a huge leather bound book under his arm. Opening it out in the cabin he uncorked his fountain pen.

"All right, old man," he told the waiting Smith. "Let her reel. Won't keep you but a minute longer." He wrote rapidly, consulting a strip of paper evidently handed him by one of the deck hands, and then turned to Smith. "Now the name please?"

"A. M. Smith."

"Smith? So. A. M.? Early bird, eh? All right. Now your address?"

"624 Orleans Alley, New Orleans," said Smith, remembering that news bulletin which lay crystallized in infinitesimal threadlike and wavy grooves on that wax cylinder.

"Occupation?"

"Mail order expert," replied the newspaperman grimly, reflecting how thus far the only legitimate occupation he had secured was in that capacity with Ambrose, up in Chicago.

"Good. I got you. Let's see—it was the City of Rio you fell off of, eh? Where bound? Yourself, of course. Not the ship."

"Havana, Cuba," was Smith's quite truthful answer.

"The cause of the accident?' The wireless operator turned curious eyes on Smith.

Smith returned a stony glare. The wireless operator laughed. "Well—we'll call it a slippery deck," he said, writing it down. He blotted the book, and closed it with a sharp snap. "All right, old man. You can go. You're to be congratulated. We pick up a few in daylight now and then, but you're the first night swimmer around this muddy ice water they call the Papa of all H2O!"

Smith picked himself up from the chair. "Well, if that's all I'll be on my way, then." He nodded his head toward the radio dictaphone. "Very interesting instrument, that. Father can't hide behind his morning paper any more when that gets to be the regular thing in American families. The whole family can eat their Sunday morning coffee cake to its tune." With which encomium to the etheric field of endeavor represented by the young man in front of him, he left the wireless cabin, made his way along the deck to the gang plank, and soon stood under the arc-lights of the Canal street terminal.

He had not a nickel in his pockets, he reflected bitterly, as he thought of the manner in which he had been despoiled that night of money, watch and papers together, but suddenly remembering an argument with a street car conductor he had had the day before and groping down in that velvet-lined niche beneath his belt which had contained his timepiece, he drew up from that little used repository a solitary dime. It seemed to him as he stood there that it was the largest piece of money he had ever glimpsed. He calculated with meticulous care the pros and cons of whether to use it to travel via street car to Prytania street or to the Crescent Theater, and very soon decided on the latter.

He had gombled correctly, it seemed, and incidentally saved himself a lively trot from the Crescent Theater over to Prytania street, for just as he reached the stage entrance of the Crescent, a clock in a nearby restaurant showing the time to be twenty minutes of 12, a number of performers were coming out one by one, and there stepped forth in their rear Pansy St. Clair herself, hatted and gloved, and in company with a statuesque, auburn-haired girl who chatted animatedly with her.

He raised his hat as they came forth, and Pansy St. Clair gave a little cry.

"Mr. Smith!"

"Yes, it's me, Miss St. Clair."

She turned to the girl with her. "Sylvia, this is Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, meet my friend and roommate, Miss Sylva Gordon." The auburn-haired girl bowed, and appeared a bit embarrassed. Miss St. Clair studied him curiously without any comment.

"Please excuse my appearance," he said, suddenly realizing how he must look, "but I had a bad accident tonight. Lost all my money, and had a dousing in the Mississippi River as well. However, here I am on deck, nevertheless. I've just rushed over here to find out how you came out with Barker today?" He waited expectantly curiously.

Miss St. Clair's voice was tragic. "Oh, Mr. Smith, wasn't it a fiasco? I was back at my room from the matinee early today—about 4 o'clock, because I'm not in the last act of this production. Wouldn't be here this hour tonight except that I'm going to make a late call with Sylva. But anyway—Barker arrived at Prytania street a few minutes after 4, just as you and I figured he would. He accused me of being Beatrice Mannerby. I played my part to perfection. I honestly had him going to a fareyouwell, for he was jotting down notes, and actually writing down certain statements of mine in full in his notebook. Anybody could have seen he had fallen for what he thought was a big scoop. And finally he left. And then—oh—dear——"

"And then I had to come in the front door on my way home from the matinee performance just as he was going out," said the red-haired girl, taking up the thread of the story, "and soil Pan's game entirely. Oh, dear, Mr. Smith, so help me, I didn't know what was in the wind, for I had been visiting out at the West End in the morning, and had gone straight from there to the theater. All we do is change costumes in this show, and Pan didn't put me wise—didn't have a minute. But as I said I met the sallow-faced, black-haired pup in the hall, and I thought he was a masher when he stopped and spoke to me. Then I found he knew Pansy—for he spoke of her."

"He must have seen Sylva's picture on the bureau," put in Miss St. Clair, "and recognized her as she came in."

"And he cross-questioned me back and forth," went on Miss Gordon, "and of course I admitted having known Pansy St. Clair for years. You see I thought I was putting ahead some sort of publicity stunt she was pulling. I told him of the different parts she's had, and of the little Iowa town she grew up in, and when we parted, him with a smirk on that stuck up face of his, he bowed, tipped his derby hat, asked to be remembered once more to Miss St. Clair, and blew. And when I got up in the room, and told Pan, I found I'd spilled the beans for sure. Oh—I'm awfully sorry."

SMITH grinned a bit reluctantly. "Well, those things are the hazards of war. They can't be helped. The best of plans, you know, of mice and reporters——"

"But my revenge!" said Pansy St. Clair, gritting her little white teeth. "My revenge, Mr. Smith. I'm—I'm cheated worse than you."

He looked gravely down at her. It was on his lips to tell her that her revenge was now more than accomplished by hands other than hers—that Sam Barker had gone to his death with three vicious stab wounds, the victim of a mistake. But he decided not to waste long minutes in explanation at this juncture. The newspapers in due course would untangle the snare." He turned away. "Well, you girls are tired after your performance, and I'm keeping you."

Miss St. Clair looked at him. "Didn't I hear you say, Mr. Smith, that you'd lost all your money some way, as well as gotten a bath in the river? Of course you had car fare left?'

"Well," he said with a smile, "to tell you the truth I spent my last dime riding over here from the Canal street docks. I'm down to a few pennies."

"Oh—my goodness," remarked Sylva Gordon. "The poor man! A reporter's life is worse than a chorus girl's, Pan." She opened her purse. "Of course you can get money, Mr. Smith, but you'll need some change for a taxi to get home. Pan—I've got forty-five cents over my car fare and my uncashed salary check. How much have you?"

"Oh—really—" expostulated Smith.

"I've only got thirty-five over my car fare and check," said Miss St. Clair, regretfully peering into the beaded bag that hung from her wrist. "But do take it as a loan, Mr. Smith. You can't go around the city on foot all night—this crazy city. I just know I'd get lost in a minute. I can't make head nor tail of this burg." She took the forty-five cents which lay on Miss Gordon's outstretched palm and adding it to the thirty-five which she took from her own bag held it out peremptorily to Smith.

"Well, thanks," he said with a laugh, accepting it. "Really I wouldn't take it, but I actually happen to be embarrassed for the moment. But I'll owe each of you girls this change, and I'll fix you up quickly tomorrow."

"Don't worry about it," pronounced Miss St. Clair. "We ruined your plans as well as own own, I guess." She took a lacy handkerchief from her pocket, and mopped her forehead which already showed streaks of powder on it. "My Gawd, ain't it hot, Syl? I'll never again take a circuit that leads South."

"Me neither," echoed her roommate decisively.

Smith smiled. "It's a hot night, all right, but this isn't really New Orleans weather. It's a freak night made so by humidity as well as temperature. They tell me we are just as likely to have a frosty night down here at this time of year. Well—can I take you to your car?"

It developed, however, that both girls were going to the Grunewald Hotel to meet somebody, and there in the entrance, a block and a half from the theater, he dropped them. Outside on University place he stood ruminating with serious mien.

"Well, I'm in a blooming fine pickle all right," he told himself. "Up against it for fair in this town now. Money gone—watch gone—papers gone—return railroad ticket gone—all of 'em over there in the morgue on Barker's corpse. It'll take a week to untie the red tape and recover that stuff. Of all the luck! Not a nickel to live on if I stay in New Orleans—and nary return ticket to get out on. I wonder if I couldn't get back that ticket at least? I could sell it for around twenty simoleons to a scalper and beat my way back to Chicago later by freight trains."

But even his own assurances of this accomplishment were far from convincing as he thought of that sapping cold that would lie north of Memphis for two months to come.

Yet he began automatically searching thru his pockets in the same manner a man invariably does even when he knows nothing will reward his search, trying hopelessly to unearth some means of identification by which he might go to the police morgue and make a play, at least, for his return railroad ticket. Its value, according to current railroad tariffs, was something over thirty dollars, which made it the only thing among his papers which was worth immediately gaining, the watch he had worn being pawnable for only a few dollars at the most. He regretted now that railroad tickets no longer bore the signatures of their owners, as they once did in earlier years. That would in itself have proved a means of identifying himself as its owner. Thru empty pockets his fingers wandered, their still damp linings reminding him of that chill water back in the Mississippi, and suddenly his eyes opened a bit wider as in his left hip pocket his fingers touched a damp, rumpled envelope. Like a flash there came back to him the recollection of the two letters that Celia, the negro girl at Madame Bosquette's, had handed him that night around 5:30 — the one unstamped and in dainty blue with rounded handwriting, the other a businesslike enclosure bearing Albert Wicks' familiar return card in its left upper corner. He recalled vividly now how he had thrust the latter epistle down into his left pocket for later perusal, and how this particular portion of his clothing had escaped the search down in the closed cabin on the City of Rio.

"From Ambrose," he ejaculated almost aloud, emitting a low whistle of satisfaction. "A five dollar postal order to make me reply on that strange mailing card of his."

WITH fingers that trembled just a bit from expectancy, he drew forth the letter. Quite damp, badly crumpled where ropes had wound about that portion of his anatomy, it gave quickly to the slitting motion of his finger. He moved a few steps northward to where a lighted shop window poured forth a flood of radiance over the sidewalk.

Then he gave vent to an inward groan. No money order greeted his eye—no five dollar bill — nothing but an effeminate-looking letter, its original envelope dispensed with as per Smith's arrangement with Albert Wicks, signed Monte van Tine, and bearing in its purple flourishes which had run a bit from the action of the river water, a plaintive plea. It bore at the top the crest of the South Shore Country Club. With glum face Smith read it thru. It ran:

> Thursday, the ninth.
>
> Dear Smith:
>
> I hope this blooming letter is forwarded to you pronto, wherever you are by this time, for I've rung the Eagle Hotel and they tell me you've left town. So I'm following instructions by shooting it to your former Belden avenue flat.
>
> Smith, for God's sake wrap up that photograph you got by mail from the Brevoort Hotel when you were here in Chicago and special and register it at once to Courtney Shales at that place. It seems that the day I called up there and had the bellboy go up and get it, the cursed chambermaids had been housecleaning, and the two chiffoniers in the room got switched around. So it was his that was near the window instead of mine, and you got the photograph of his sweetie. He's sorer than blazes about the matter, and has broken off altogether with me, threatening me with everything from a suit for damages to a duel. Seems his sweetie won't believe the true version of the story. Anyway, I've guaranteed thru a mutual friend of ours to get it back in his hands immediately—and so don't fail me, Smith, wherever you are by this time.
>
> I'm sending instructions once more tonight to the Brevoort clerk to get the right photo off to you as per my promise when we talked in the New Town Club. You ought to receive it about twenty-four hours after this letter reaches you.
>
> Now, Smith, don't fail me. Shoot that photo back to Courtney immediately this letter reaches you.
>
> Yours,
> MONTE VAN TINE.

Smith laughed grimly. "A hot chance he's got on my getting the photo of Courtney's sweetie back to him," he said to himself as he folded up the letter. "It'll take an inquest and seven bushels of red tape now. Mont's not the only one who's trying to rescue something out of that mess. Oh, Lord, what a findingle, anyway. Serves him right for spilling the beans the way he did."

He stood a moment in deep reflection.

"I wonder," his thoughts ran on, "if Sam could have first taken my valuables to his hotel room, and then carried the papers over to Sarah Fu's to pull some underhanded stunt aganst me? It might be, all right. But even then——"

But nevertheless he strode rapidly over to Canal street, alive with people even at this hour, almost as bright as day with its myriads of store windows and lights. There in a corner drug store he looked up the number of the city morgue, where he shrewdly figured the body would most likely have been taken, and rung it in the seclusion of the phone booth. In his most casual reportorial tone of voice he asked:

"About that fellow Smith who was killed on South Rampart street tonight. Did you give me the contents of his pockets?"

"No," grunted a man's voice. "Didn't have 'em listed when we shot you the bulletin over. Going to send over a man?"

"Well—I'll tell you," said Smith, as tho weighing a ponderous problem, "if it isn't too much trouble I'd much prefer to get 'em over the wire now."

"All right. Here they are. Catch 'em." The speaker at the city morgue read off with some rapidity a list whose contents ran:

1 library card, Chicago Public Library, bearing name.
1 savings bank book, First Trust and Savings of Chicago, bearing name, with balance of $1.
1 notebook bearing name.
1 deuce of spades bearing inscription in Oriental writing on face, no name.
1 pawnticket Solomon Stein, 608 S. Clark street, Chicago, for camera, bearing name.
1 letter from Banks & Banks, publishers, Chicago, about a position, bears name.
1 young lady's picture, no name.
1 carbon copy of offer made by Chicago Morning Argus for a story, signed Snell, and bearing name inserted in ink.
1 note in woman's handwriting on lavender paper with names torn out.

"Yes, and what else?" said Smith casually, as tho he were taking it all down.

"And $14.56 in currency," the voice returned. "Same as I reported the first time."

"How about the railroad ticket?" queried Smith. "Didn't you tell me there was a return ticket on the I. C. to Chicago?"

"Not I," said the voice. "No railroad ticket on this Smith bird at all."

Smith frowned. He paused, and then thanking the man on the other end of the wire he hung up.

Well, Monte's friend's sweetie's photograph was trapped, all right. But the return railroad ticket was not. Nor was his watch. Also Barker had been traveling light with respect to currency in this unsavory district of New Orleans. Evidently he had stowed ticket, timepiece—his own as well as Smith's—and superfluous money in his hotel room before starting over there, carrying only the papers for some reason known to himself alone. And there they had been when he was struck down by his unknown assassins.

It was a very perplexed reporter who thought out the matter in the sweltering heat of the telephone booth, fanning himself with the open door. He needed that return ticket and needed it badly, for unless he got it he was indeed a stranger marooned in a strange land. And then there came to him a daring expedient, the worst outcome of which was that it might fail. But he was desperate.

Turning back to the transmitter, directory in hand, he called in succession a number of hotels, at each one asking for Mr. Samuel Barker of Chicago. He knew he wouldn't get Mr. Samuel Barker, but this did not nonplus him. Had he known the character and scale of prices of New Orleans' different hostelrys he would have used more discrimination in calling, but he went doggedly on, ringing first the Gruenwald where he had left Miss St. Clair and her friend ten minutes ago. No Mr. Barker at the Gruenwald. The St. Charles. No Mr. Barker. The De Sota, up town. No Mr. Barker. The Planters. No Mr. Barker. The Monteleone. "Oh—Mr. Barker, did you say? Yes, registered in room 414. Shall we ring him? Just hold the wire." A pause. "Mr. Barker doesn't answer. Not in. Any message?"

Smith hung up. He had located Barker's place of abode while in New Orleans, and what was more important he had located the present repository of his precious railroad ticket, not to mention his watch.

He looked at the remains of the eighty cents which Miss St. Clair and Miss Gordon had pressed upon him. Two round quarters—an even half dollar in money—constituted the balance. The Royal street address of the Monteleone could not be over five blocks from where he stood, but the plan he had decided upon required his arrival in front of the place in a taxicab. He sighed. And with the sigh still emanating from him he stepped out on the sidewalk and flagged an empty one going by.

IT WAS less than four minutes before the machine pulled up in front of the Monteleone. Royal street with its restaurants and eating houses was alive tonight with lights and the clink of silver. He got out with exaggerated care as the big uniformed negro in front of the place threw open the taxicab door for him, and handing the fifty cents to the driver waved away the change with a grandiose gesture. As the cab drove off, he staggered a bit, and appeared to catch himself by grasping out at the black doorman's arm. Then, straightening himself up as tho by a mighty effort, he walked stiff-leggedly into the tiled entrance of the Monteleone. A group of sportily dressed men, arguing vehemently over politics in his path, parted to allow his passage through, and then closed in again on his rear.

He did not have to cross the foyer to reach the elevators, for which he felt a pronounced surge of thankfulness. The double shaft lay to the right of the entrance. A car, piloted by a black round-faced negro boy, reached the ground floor as he leaned against the shaft. He tumbled in as the door clicked open. His hat was awry on his head, but so he wished it to be.

He was the only passenger. He leaned heavily against the side wall of the cage.

"Aw' ri'te, boy. Le's go. Fo'r floor."

The black elevator boy grinned as he steered Smith off at the fourth floor. Smith tumbled out in the red-carpeted hallway. "Aw ri'te, clerk. Gi' m' key m' room."

"Ah ain' got yo' key, mistah. Ah ain' de clerk. Ah'm de elevatah boy, sah."

Smith leered at him with all the drunken sagaciousness he had observed on several thousand such. "Come on, boy. Gi' m' key. How'm goin' get in room? Misher Barker—Misher Sham Barker's room—room 414. Le' a man fall in river, an' get all wet—nish man down street gi' me hat—here I am home—nobody got no keys."

The elevator boy looked genuinely troubled. "You suah ain' in de bes' o' condition," he observed perturbedly. "Ah——"

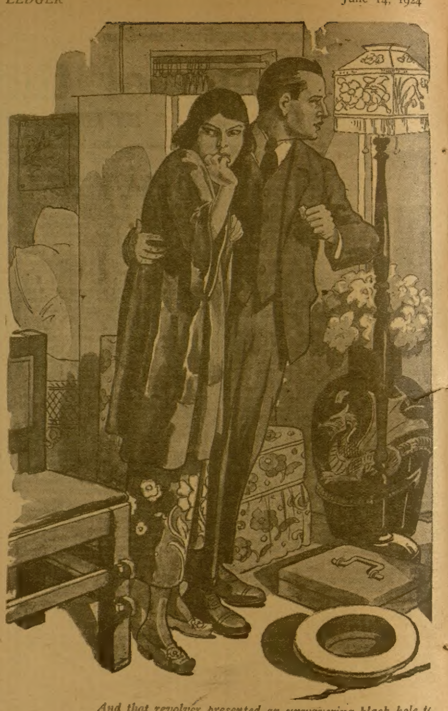
"Shen up m' fren' in fron' hotel—big tall nigger—an' ashk 'im if I had any keys when I got out my taxi," mumbled Smith groggily.

The elevator boy looked concerned. "Ah don' think you-all bettah go downstayahs in dat foyah no mo', sah. What you wants is to git to bed. Ah jes' get yo' key fo' you. Mister Barker —room fo'-fo'teen you said?"

"You goo' boy," pronounced Smith. "Goo' boy—and you get rewarded."

The boy pointed to a red velvet upholstered armchair which sat, breaking up the monotonous emptiness of the corridor. "Sit there, sah. Ah'll see big Jim downstayahs, and get yo' key fo' you."

And with the clank of the door, he was gone. Smith smiled to himself. The ruse was working. He knew that the elevator boy would step out of his machine for a second, and would ascertain from the doorman that his passenger had alighted in bad condition from a taxicab not a few minutes previous, and thus assured that everything was all right would go to the clerk's desk and tell the latter that Mr. Barker was upstairs much the worse for liquor and he himself would actually know what they were doing. And thus he waited.



And that revolver presented an unwavering black hole to

It was but a few minutes when the elevator came to a sudden stop in front of the floor again. The elevator boy threw open the door. "Heah's yo' key, sah. Bettah le' me he'p you to yo' room."

"Shanks," muttered Smith, rising with a groan from the chair and lurching along at the side of the black uniformed boy.

The boy led the way along the corridor and glancing at each of the transoms fitted his key in the lock of room 414. He turned it, and threw open the door, snapping on the lights. Smith lurched in behind him. He leaned heavily against the door jamb. "Wha's y' name, boy?"

"Mah name Tom, sah."

"Y' on daytimes or night, Tom?" He leered.

"Ah'm on night times, sah."

"Y' got penshil, Tom?"

"Yessah. Yessah."

Smith waved a hand unsteadily toward the light papered wall at the side of the pushbutton. "Y' write on wall, Tom. Write 'I owe Tom, night boy, one dollar.' Jes' t' remin' me tomorrow, Tom." To himself he reflected grimly that he would see that Tom some day got that dollar even if it had to be mailed anonymously to the negro youth.

The black boy was not loath to record the evidences of the evening's services. In crude handwriting he pencilled on the wall the words: "I O Tom nite boy one dolar." And then, hesitating just a brief second, proceeded to underscore the words emphatically.

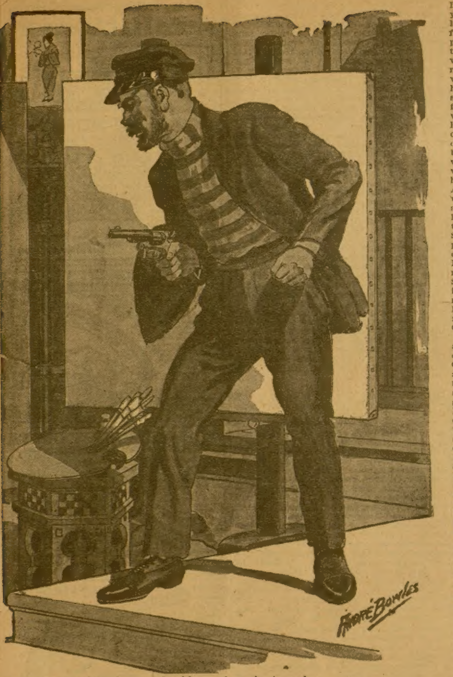
But with the underscoring process Smith was already lurching across the room where he flung himself on the bed. "Home a' lash," he said with all the satisfaction he could muster. And thereupon closing his eyes dropped off into an avalanche of measured snores. The boy stood uncertainly where he was for a second and then snapping out the light and putting the key on the inside of the door, closed it softly, and presently Smith heard the clank of the elevator gates from far down the hall.

Like a flash he was up. He had the light on in a jiffy. He turned the key in the lock. Now to regain that precious return railroad ticket.

Thru drawer after drawer of the bureau he went, silently yet swiftly. Shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, socks he found, including one famous flamboyantly striped shirt about which the boys on the Leader used to chaff and twit Barker. A pair of cuff links with initials S. B., he unearthed, but they were cheap ones, ones which could not be pawned as was evidenced by the peeling off in one or two places of the gold plating. Down into Barker's suitcase and traveling bag he went, searching everything thoroly. Then he stood erect, a frowning look on his face. There was no railroad ticket, no watch in this room. Nor had those two items been found on Barker's body. Where, then, had the latter deposited them for temporary safekeeping? The hotel clerk? An all-night safety deposit vault? Where?

He caught a glimpse of a portable typewriter sitting on the table near the window, alone and deserted. For a moment he thought wildly of carrying off that machine as compensation for the railroad ticket of which the dead man had caused him to be despoiled. But he knew only too well that he would never get it out of the Monteleone, and he felt, for some unaccountable reason, a certain squeamishness at the thought of even purloining it.

FROM the typewriter his eyes roamed to a stack of white paper to its right, held down by an empty glass tumbler as a paperweight. From here they traveled to a box of freshly opened carbon paper lying on the window sill itself, and from this point his gaze dropped to a single sheet lying in the wicker wastebasket beneath. He took it curiously out. What had Barker been using carbon paper for? He turned his attention inquisitively upon it, and forthwith saw that it had been used but once, for the reversed letters nicked into the black carbon surface by the impact of the typewriter keys, were clean cut. And he found a second later on holding the thin sheet up towards the electric light, turned completely about with uncoated side towards him, that he could read its single spaced lines. But for some strange



the man and girl who gazed wide-eyed at the intruder.

reason they read in an oddly jumbled manner. For the first eighteen or twenty lines ran:

NEW ORLEANS, La.,
Saturday March 11, 7:30 P. M.
I have dug up a private detective
Marcus A. Plottkin,
agency on Baronne street in this
Ashland Block,
city which calls itself the Gulf Coast
Chicago:
Agency, and which is obviously a
Dear Plottkin:
firm out to get the money by fair
In accordance with your wishes
means or shady. The head of it is a
that I render to you and Mr. Isadore
man calling himself Daniel Neggie.
Plottkin, your brother, a daily re-
I have talked at length with Neggie,
port as to how things are progress-
being careful to make it clear to
ing rown here, I send this herewith
him that the only thing involved in
to you by registered mail. By the
the case is a newspaper story with
time you receive it, however, mat-
a thousand dollars in cash lying
ters will undoubtedly have devel-
around loose which can be split two
oped into far more important chan-
nels.
I still think that the tip which
ways, win or lose. So on this basis
filtered into the Argus thru the friend
Neggie is going to help me force the
information

FOR several seconds Smith puzzled over the combination of apparent sense and nonsense provided by the successive lines, and then the explanation came to him as it should have come, he realized, a moment before. The sheet of carbon paper had been used to make a copy of the first page of a letter written in double-spaced lines, and had then been re-inserted between two new clean sheets of paper to reproduce the second page of the letter. But the second insertion had so accidentally placed it with respect to the pawl and rachet action of the revolving platen that all the lines made by the second page were neatly interspaced between those made by the first. He now read, still holding it up to the light, the first, third, fifth, seventh and ninth lines, as far downward as he could go in this skipping manner, and then jumping back to the beginning again proceeded to read the second, fourth, sixth, eighth and so on down. And when he had finished, he was white clear to the temples as the knowledge of the plot that had been hatched in the brain of the dead occupant of this room was revealed completely to him, together with the significant fact that Sam Barker, while carrying on his profession of Chicago journalist, had been in reality a specially paid newspaperman-spy in the employ of the Plottkin brothers, newspaper and publication brokers of Chicago. For the letter whose lines Smith had just disentangled from each other by this simple means, ran:

New Orleans, La.
Saturday, March 11, 7:30 P. M.
Marcus A. Plottkin,
Ashland Block,
Chicago:

Dear Plottkin:

In accordance with your wishes that I render to you and Mr. Isadore Plottkin, your brother, a daily report as to how things are progressing down here, I send this herewith to you by registered mail. By the time you receive it, however, matters will undoubtedly have developed into far more important channels.

I still think that the tip which filtered into the Argus thru the friend of that fellow Montgomery van Tine's at the New Town Club is a live wire lead, but I am forced to confess failure in connection with my attempts to work it out along the lines you and I and your brother talked over prior to my hasty departure. That the Chinese girl knows where the missing Beatrice Mannerby is, I am still convinced. Her general attitude radiates that impression. Attempting to buy the information from her has availed nothing, even to offering her the entire thousand dollars posted by the Argus plus the five hundred you advanced me. I have tried making love to her, even made a fool of myself by admitting a double-cross which some months back I handed that other yokel who I am just informed by telephone is safely in a skiff up the river, and who by 10 tonight will be on his way to Rio de Janeiro. But of this little episode I'll tell you more when I return.

But now that you have the details of our general failure, I'll proceed to show you some interesting results along quite another line.

After leaving the girl last night, I took a chance and blew in some of your good money by shooting off a long cablegram to the French prefect of emigration at Paris, with prepaid answer. Sure enough, he was thoroly familiar with the case, as was evidenced by the cable I got at noon today. The French prefect wires back in condensed form that he is completely informed with respect to the Fu girl's case; that her father, this Fu Chang Lo of Paris, was never a naturalized citizen of France, and—what is most important of all—she not only carries Chinese citizenship thru that, but she was born in Hankow, China, at a time when this Fu Chang Lo took his white French wife on a trip with him to the city where he was born. As for her passport to the U. S., it was erroneously O. K.'d by a new assistant prefect while the prefect himself was away from Paris, and thus got a vise from the United States Consul. Now all this, expensive as it was by cable, has rendered the case water-tight for us. Not only is she, you see, open to immediate deportation from the United States on account of having entered it for commercial purposes, but she must be by existing rules and regulations deported back to China and not to France, being a native of China both by paternity and by birth.

I have dug up a private detective agency on Baronne street in this city which calls itself the Gulf Coast Agency, and which is obviously a firm out to get the money by fair means or shady. The head of it is a man calling himself Daniel Neggie. I have talked at length with Neggie, being careful to make it clear to him that the only thing involved in the case is a newspaper story with a thousand dollars in cash flying around loose which can be split on two ways, win or lose. So on this basis Neggie is going to help me force the information out of the Fu girl. Everything is arranged for an arrest of her at 2 a. m. tonight, or rather tomorrow morning, at her apartment on Tulane avenue, just when things are nicely quieted down a bit about town. With the dope Neggie will have on her she will see that it is China for her. I am to arrive at the apartment at 2:30 after she's been put on the grill for thirty minutes, and pretend I've rushed over on secret information just in time to pull important wires and call the Gulf Coast Agency off. The price of my supposed wire pulling is this information about the Mannerby girl, and if she comes across the agency has agreed to call itself off. If on the other hand she holds out, they take her over to the Federal authorities and have her locked up, which marks the end of her career around the U. S. and gets them incidentally in sweet with the forces that be.

Please note the financial situation exactly, please, Plottkin. If she comes across, $500 of the Argus' $1,000 goes to Neggie and half to me. If she holds out, your $500 will have to go to satisfy Neggie, who will play only on a guaranteed basis, as he is apparently in Dutch a bit down here.

The girl is a savory little trick, let me add, and I'd like to play around her hearthstone a while, for once she is turned over to the Federal authorities she is done for so far as we are concerned. But I realize that things are pressing, and I haven't time to waste on sentimental stories. Just now I'm trying to handle this business to your exact satisfaction, so you can close in on the Leader with two jaws of the financial pincers.

I note what you say about the status of my drawing account with you. I guess your figures are right. I haven't checked them up yet myself. But please don't set up a holler at my deal with Neggie. It was the best I could do. You've got to shoot something to make something, you know. Please remember that even if the Fu girl holds out, it is very possible that her being in trouble and in the hands of the Federal authorities will draw her friend Beatrice out of hiding. This will profit her nothing, of course, but will bring about the exact thing we are aiming for.

As per your request, but against my own judgment, I send carbon of this letter at the same time by registered mail to Mr. Isadore Plottkin at the New York office.

Will forward further details tomorrow. B.

WITH the carbon paper in his hand, Smith stood there alone in the room, silent and grave. What a detestable and malignant plot had been revealed by Barker's death. And what an unexpected relationship had been uncovered this night. For the dead Sam Barker had been working for something bigger than a mere scoop for the Argus—he had been a spy for the very firm of brokers who held a mortgage on the Leader. The fact that these people had given Barker a drawing account, even tho it was evident that they counted their pennies carefully, the fact that they had even advanced him $500 to help him locate Beatrice Mannerby, proved that her being found was necessary to the furtherance of some big scheme of theirs, involving much.

Smith felt that he could hazard a shrewd guess as to the reason why money was flying around like this, and that guess consisted of the belief that the Plottkin brothers either had the missing note for $150,000 which had been in the possession of Samuel Cropston at the time the Manchuria went down—the "courtesy note"—or else they were in touch with that ill-fated vessel's mysterious Chinese steward known last to have the note, sufficiently so that they could obtain it at a usurious discount at any time. Just what connection Beatrice Mannerby could have with all this Smith found himself utterly unable to fathom. But things surely looked as tho Joseph Mannerby, his one-time employer, was due to go down to bankruptcy and ruin after all. Smith smiled grimly as he reflected how the shrewd Plottkin brothers were secretly operating on the prize offered by the Argus, to secure a paper which could be made to run the Argus a desperate race.

But to stand here and comb out all these things was futility itself. An innocent girl; half Chinese to be sure, but nevertheless a girl, human and sensitive, had been drawn into the vortex of relentless business warfare. That girl was little, dainty Sarah Fu, who either thru her loyalty to her friend or her ignorance of that friend's whereabouts was due to meet an inexorable fate from which no escape was possible by American law. A long sigh, and he folded up the carbon paper and stowed it away in his empty breastpocket. Then he snapped off the lights and left the room. He went to the elevator, key dangling from hand, and drew his hat down over one eye again. The cage came up to his summons, and the black boy looked apprehensively at him.

"You don' mean to say you is a-gwine out ag'in tonight, sah, is you?"

"Do' wan' no sass," retorted Smith, only too anxious to get out of this place. "Ta' me downstairs. Here's y' key." And he rode back to the main floor in the elevator. He looked back. The boy was taking the key over to the clerk's counter, shaking his head dubiously. Smith walked unsteadily out to the white marble steps of the Monteleone where he straightened up and once more became Absalom Smith instead of Sam Barker.

But it was just as well that he adopted this change of identity. For as he passed the south edge of the Monteleone's portal and fell into the shadows made by the tall palms in the window of the grill room, he saw a man cutting diagonally across Royal street, the latter's features fully illuminated by the bright flood of light pouring from the hotel's big entrance, his step springy, his finely checked clothing neat and beautifully pressed, his hands thrust into his pockets, his brown derby cocked back upon his head, and with a look of keen satisfaction on his fact which said that things were going to hum before many more hours should pass.

The man was Sam Barker!

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRIDE THAT NO MAN KNOWETH.

AFTER the first shock of seeing approaching the entrance to the Monteleone the one individual he was certain had died that night, Smith stopped in his tracks, prepared to stand his ground and be identified. But he was well within the shadows of the entrance to the old barroom, now turned grill, of the hostelry, and Barker—for Barker it was beyond all doubt—did not glimpse him at all, but went up into the entrance springily, his derby hat thrust back on his black hair, taking the steps leading off the sidewalk two at a time as tho he were a man with a purpose. And then he disappeared within the swinging doors of the big hotel.

So Barker was alive? And some one else, not he, had died on South Rampart street tonight, armed with Smith's papers?

But even as he gazed back of him at the entrance of the hotel, even before he had time thoroly to digest this new turn in affairs, his face grew suddenly grim as he remembered the carbon sheet in his pocket which proclaimed a dastardly plot hatched that day to send Sarah Fu clear to China as an undesirable alien. And the chief center of that plot was alive and active. True, according to the details crystallized in letters on that sheet of carbon paper in his possession, she could save herself by proclaiming the truth as to where Beatrice Mannerby was, but Smith now felt conclusively that she herself was in ignorance of the whereabouts of that missing girl, and all the coercion in the world could not force from her what she did not know.

An old antique shop stood at the junction of Iberville and Royal streets, the upper corner from the Monteleone, its windows filled with brass candlesticks and religious statues, beads and jars and oil paintings, and vases of Sevres and old bits of Bohemian ware. An old clock with handpainted face, its pendulum swinging away, showed the hour to be twenty-five minutes of one. According to the evidence in his pocket the plot was to be sprung at two in the morn-

(Continued on Page 7.)

ing. And in Smith's heart came a sudden mighty resolve to beat—and to beat forever—not the spy who was working for the Plottkin brothers who already held the Leader in their fingers—for this was of little consequence to him—but the man who had stooped to infamous work twice now to gain his ends, once against Smith himself and now against this friendless, unprotected half-white girl over on Chinaman's Block.

Like a flash he quickened his pace. He had no money now for taxicab fare, no money even to board a street car, and he cursed the very fates which thus helped to delay him. To Canal he hurried, and then, Canal being still alive on this Saturday night, he struck one street farther south, where in the darkness of the musty looking structures that made up the business section he traveled at a half run toward Chinaman's Block. He gave no thought of the explanation of many things of the past few hours. Plenty of time for this later—he must hurry, hurry, hurry.

He reached the intersection of Rampart and Tulane both winded and damp with perspiration, and truly, it was a night for perspiration, for the insufferable heat that had descended upon the helpless city had not yet broken.

Rampart street, as he crossed it, was in its ebony-hued way just so alive tonight as was Canal street, and in precisely the same manner was Chinaman's Block in its Oriental way. Chinamen jostled each other in the doorways of the block, and on several of the wooden balconies Chinese women had come out, screened by the night from too prying Occidentals, and sat chattering in low tones. A few Chinese lanterns hung motionless in the breezeless air, glowing like red stars thru a murky atmosphere. A Chinese woman in black blouse and pantaloons adorned with green threaded ornamentations, walked her fretful, and probably ill, slant-eyed baby up and down the sidewalk near the curbing. From some unknown interior emanated the doleful wailing of a Chinese fiddle. In every direction in this little world were to be seen signs of activity, of life, or rest from sapping toil, in the groups and knots and restlessly parading members of the Chinese race.

On to Number 1129 Smith pressed, threading his way in and out between the denizens of the block, and here he turned in under the gooseneck electric light which threw its bright radiance in the doorway. From both the shutters of the first floor and those of the second, light emanated, showing that here too the occupants were awake and astir in their own pursuits. The big door back of him banged to, and up the stairs he went, two, three at a time, where he rapped peremptorily. Sarah Fu was up and doing, for his rap was answered almost immediately by her in person, clad in black silken blouse and pantaloons embroidered with great golden sunflowers, and she held in her hand a French magazine she had evidently been scanning, its title "Le Monde d' Imagination" staring at Smith as blankly as did she herself.

"It's I—Smith, Sarah Fu," he said, panting just a bit from the strenuous trot which had taken him here within seven minutes after glimpsing the time on Iberville street. "I've got to speak with you quick."

Her face betrayed utter surprise at his presence there. She spoke. "But—but Absalom Smith, eet is so late. An' Mam' Ribot she is gone fo' night to see sister. Me—I am lone girl. An' I 'ave no what you call chaperon."

"We will have to dispense with a chaperon tonight, Sarah Fu," he told her hurriedly. "There's trouble abroad and it threatens you. If you would save yourself you must listen to me."

Incredulity was stamped on her olive-tinted features. Slowly she stepped aside and swung open the door. "Then Absalom Smith—come in. We overlook no chaperon, you an' me. In fac', I wis' much to see you. Of course you 'ave work' weeth Mr. Barker on beeg story, and mak' money?"

He came in, tossing his hat on the cane couch. The big wooden weaving screen had been rolled out of the way to one side of the room, and its place was now taken by a tall floor lamp whose quaint transparent Chinese shade bore dragons and birds in fantastic arrangements. It was connected by an electric cord to a wall plug, and beneath it stood the very rocking chair in which Sarah Fu had evidently been ensconced with her French magazine as he had rapped. He faced her under the light from the lamp. A single glance at the several windows which led out upon the balcony assured him that the shutters of each were closed and fastened, excluding perfectly the view of the room from outside, yet allowing the sultry air of the night to percolate back and forth thru the chinks between the hinged wooden flaps.

"Sarah Fu," he said, turning to her, "I've got to talk quickly with you tonight. You are in great danger. I have come here, running nearly every step of the way. But about Barker—what is the big story I am supposed to be working on with him? You must answer me quickly, Sarah Fu. What happened here today?"

She looked at him, her French-Oriental brown eyes studiously contemplating him.

"You not work weeth 'im?"

"Not at all, Sarah Fu. Not at all."

Her two little even rows of white teeth clicked together dangerously. "Then am I glad I lie to him, that I play weeth 'im weeth his own cards. For he deceive me—thaz w'at he done."

"You lied to him? Sarah Fu, you must explain. But do not waste time."

"He come today at 'alf past 3 jus' so like he say he come," she recounted hurriedly, evidently catching the contagion of Smith's own haste. "You' letter—that is you' an' my letter what we 'range to 'ave stick its nose out mailbox—come—oh—'bout noontime, an' I 'ave it all fix'. It is in box when he come, but it is gone w'en he go. So I know he fall right into trap nize. But while he is here, he ask me if I change mind about tell where Beatrize is—an' get thousan' dollar. An' he show me hard money."

"I see. It's quite obvious that he stole the letter on his way out, else he wouldn't have offered you any such money. But what then, Sarah Fu?"

"I can onlee tell him w'at I tell you—that I not receive neither visit or letter from Beatrize—yet. An' 'bout my plan to help you, Absalom Smith, it go up—pouf—in smoke. For I 'ave no witness like as I said. Ol' Mam' Ribot's son he never come. Still I do so much like I can. I firs' sit up close by Mist' Barker on couch here—me, I no like to do that sort stuff—an' I say joos' so like I tell you I would do: 'Mist' Barker, you' fren' Mist' Smith is too what you call familiar. He come 'round here an' insult me. Me I got pride an' I think much I like get revenge on him. Mebbe man wat get me even on him—mebbe I do much for that man'. An' I smile up by his eyes."

She paused, whereupon Smith urged her on. "Yes—and then what? What did Barker say?"

"He joos' laugh confident like. He say: 'I minded to tell you something so long as you don' like fren' Smith. Yes—I think I tell you. Lil girl, don' you worry. You got revenge on him long time even before you know him. You see w'en he and me was on paper call Leader, I giv' city editoire fifty dollar and tell city editoire he kill big story'—whatever he mean by kill, Absalom Smith—'and tell editoire this is my share w'at I no can keep. City editoire fire him off skyhigh an' I keep job. Our fren' Smith, lil girl, is all dead from neck up. So you don' worry, no more, for you got revenge long time back—see?'"

Smith frowned. "So you worked the admission out of him, after all. But you say there was no witness? The Ribot boy wasn't here?"

She shook her petite head slowly. "He fail me, Mist' Smith. I—an' onlee I—am here to hear confession. I am sorry. You no got proof worth much now, 'ave you?"

He shook his own head. "Sarah Fu, you did well—and you did your best—but without a witness to back up the story you heard, it isn't of much use to me in getting me reinstated on the Leader." He paused. "But about this matter of working with Barker on a story. What does that mean?"

Her answer came quickly. "He come back for joos' one minute 'bout 5 o'clock tonight. He say great beeg polit'cal story bust—no, break—in New Orleans—story that mean money in Chicago for all Chicago newspapers w'at can handle. He need help—all help he can get. He tell me he can use you—will I give him quick you' address so he can get—and work out story. An' I think 'bout w'at you tell me how hard times you 'ave, an' I give him you' address jus' so like you give me." She sighed. "And he lie to me, did he?"

"He lied to you," retorted Smith. "For with that address he wrote me a note. He——" He looked searchingly down at her. "You wrote me none, did you, Sarah Fu?"

"I?" she said in surprise. "'Deed no—I write no note, Absalom Smith."

"It was he, then," Smith declared with a note of finality. "He bought a lady's blue-tinted envelope and sheet of paper in a drug store and trapped me with a bit of rounded immature handwriting. That note which he sent to 624 Orleans Alley by a colored man he picked up some place told me to be at the old St. Louis Cemetery Number 1 at 7 o'clock, at which time and place I would see Beatrice Mannerby herself and secure an interview from her." He drew the girl down on the cane davenport next to him, and as rapidly as possible sketched in the events of that night, clear up to Miss St. Clair's explanation of how her roommate had inadvertently let the feline out of the bag. Sarah Fu listened wide-eyed, her lips at times silently rephrasing some of his more complicated words and sentences. "His getting me shanghaied," he explained towards the close of his recital, "was an easy thing to accomplish, for he must have been familiar with these Harry Hatway articles which I just mentioned, or else he ran up into one of the newspaper offices here and from their old files refreshed his memory with the names of the ships and captains particularly maligned in that bit of muckraking. Likewise one of the daily papers here carries the list of vessels in port—and he easily located one that was included in the Hatway series. If it hadn't been the City of Rio, some other captain or mate would have fallen for his fake letter. It was a sure thing for Barker." He paused for breath.

"And so," he concluded, "I had to swim for it to make New Orleans tonight, for I had a hunch that something was brewing back here—that it was advisable that I be gotten out of the way. And sure enough, when I got entrance into his room at the Monteleone Hotel where he is staying, merely to recover my precious return railroad tocket, here is what I found: The evidence that you are in the ugliest kind of danger." He fumbled in his breast pocket.

"In danger?" she was saying, incredulously. "Me—in danger, Absalom Smith? How you make out that, if I ask?"

"Yes, the worst danger you were ever in," he said gravely. He looked down at her. "Sarah Fu, was your Chinese father naturalized as a citizen of France?"

"I know nothing," she replied hesitatingly. "When Sa' Fu leave Pa'is to come to America, Unite' States Consul vised passport. That much is certain."

"Well," he replied, "that consul vised your passport because it bore the certification of the prefect of emigration. But that certification was put there by an assistant prefect who was not conversant with the papers concerning your citizenship. The actual facts of the matter are that your father, Fu Chang Lo, was never naturalized into French citizenship, and still worse, so far as you are concerned, you were born in Hankow at a time when your father took your French mother there on a visit. You, Sarah Fu, can be deported immediately to China—a land which you have never seen and which you would hate with all your soul, with all the white blood in you."

SHE looked at him, her eyes wide. "I can—they can try—try to sen' me to China?"

"They can not only try but they can do so by the laws of the United States," he said quietly. "For you have come here to engage in the commercial pursuit of weaving, and there are plenty of business interests which are ready to crush even such small obstacles as you. At any rate, that is what Barker proposes to have done with you." He laid his hands on her slim shoulders. "Sarah Fu, the end has come for you. Are you able to tell Barker where Beatrice Mannerby is, after these private detectives have duly come down on you at 2 o'clock and put you under arrest? Something—something—I don't know what—is in the air, and it appears to mean a great deal to the plans of these Chicago brokers called the Plottkin brothers for capturing the Chicago Morning Leader that Beatrice Mannerby be found. Can you answer Barker's question?"

"I—I——" she stammered, "I have never receive letter or visit from Beatrice. So—so—so what I can tell?"

"Then so long as you can't give the information which they intend to have," he pronounced quietly, "you are done for. For if you do not come across with what these people are determined to get, this fellow Neggie and his men are going to turn you over to the Federal authorities. Now look—so that you may know that this is not idle talk I am giving you." He took from his breast pocket the carbon sheet he had found in Barker's room. "You must let me read it to you, for it has to be read by alternate lines." He held it up to the light from the Chinese lamp, and line by line read it, the girl listening, rapt. When he finished he looked at her.

"And now you see for yourself just what is coming off here between 2 and 2:30 this morning," he said.

"But what—what—what I will do?" she quavered. "What I am going do? They—they—they can do all they say, so you tell me. What——" She looked panic-stricken about her.

He placed his hands this time on her arms. "Sarah Fu," he said kindly, "there is one way and one way only by which these people can be circumvented—beaten to a frazzle. It is this: You must become an American citizen—a citizen of the United States. You cannot do this in the ordinary way, because of your nativity. But there is a way, nevertheless: Sarah Fu, you must marry Absalom Smith before morning dawns in New Orleans."

"Marry—Absalom Smith—marry you?" she said. "An' that mak' Sa' Fu American citizen?"

"Absolutely," he said. "A wife in this country holds the citizenship of her husband." He went hurriedly on. "We have yet an hour before they will arrive by their determined schedule. We will—have you money, Sarah Fu? I am broke—stony broke."

"I have one—let's see—one—two—jus' lil less as two hundred dollars in American cash," she replied.

"Then," he declared, "we must get a taxicab. We must hunt up the county clerk of the city of New Orleans or one of his assistants, and get him out of bed. We must have him write up out a marriage license on paper, dating it back to some few minutes before midnight to make it legal, for Sunday is now on us. We may have to cross his palm by fifty dollars—but we will do this, for we dare not wait till Monday. This done, we must rout out a minister—any minister—from bed, and the ceremony must be performed. Then, Sarah Fu, all the wild horses and all the king's men cannot take you from America. You may stay here till the

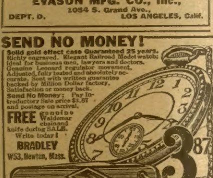
Every Autoist Needs This
Auto Hat Carrier

LEONARD AUTO HAT CARRIER – Patented.

SEND NO MONEY!

Whether you ride in open or closed car, on calm or windy day, you want to avoid continually raising your arm to keep your hat on, or holding it in hand to prevent it blowing away. No car complete without Leonard Auto Hat Carrier—a necessity and convenience. Easily attached to top; holds 2 hats; vest-pocket size; weight 4 oz.; made of special durable, resilient rubber that will last indefinitely in all kinds of weather. Nothing to rattle or get out of order. Handsome interior fitting in black or satin gray to blend with interior finish of auto top. Special price $1. SEND NO MONEY; pay postman $1 plus few cents postage, on arrival; if preferred, send $1 with order.

EVASON MFG. CO., Inc.,
1054 S. Grand Ave.,
DEPT. D. LOS ANGELES, Calif.


SEND NO MONEY!

Solid gold effect case Guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Elegant Railroad Model watch; ideal for business men, lawyers and doctors. Genuine Leonard regulator movement. Adjusted, fully tested and absolutely accurate. Sent with written guarantee backed by Million Dollar factory. Satisfaction or money back. Send No Money: Pay Introductory Sale price $3.87 and postage on arrival.

FREE genuine Waldemar chain and knife during SALE. Write today!

BRADLEY
W53, Newton, Mass.

$3.87

"WONDER" TELESCOPE 3 FT. LONG (IN 5 SECTIONS)

Long Range "WONDER" Telescope will bring new pleasure to your home. Will enable you to see people and objects miles around, as if they were close by. See moon, stars sun spots and peaks of highest mountains as you never saw them before. Is brassbound, and is equipped with powerful lenses.

Order one TODAY. Be first in your neighborhood: entertain your friends. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.75 plus postage on delivery. Satisfaction GUARANTEED or money refunded.

AMERICAN BARGAIN HOUSE, Dept. T-43,
79 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

PATHFINDER
Special $15.45

SPANISH SIDE SWING, HAND EJECTOR

Calibre No. .32 Long. 38 Special, 32-20 Winchester Blue or nickel finish, absolutely perfect and accurate. Made of tool case hardened steel, straight shooting, hard hitting. Worth $32.50. Special for this month $15.45 Order today, as we may be all sold out to-morrow.

EXTRA SPECIAL
TRENCH AUTOMATIC like our Boys used "Over There" 10 shot. . . . Special $8.95.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman on arrival.
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

MANUFACTURERS SALES COMPANY
2 and 4 Ninth Ave. Dept. K New York

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

The Cheapest Swing-Out in the World
$10.95

The SWALLOW
38 or 32.20 cal. 6 shot.
Accurate, Dependable, and Powerful. Made of Bilbao Blue Steel. only $10.95.

SEND NO MONEY.
Pay on Delivery. Satisfaction Guaranteed or MONEY BACK.

NEW YORK IMPORTERS CO.,
S170, 200 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FREE
To Boys

We give these premiums and many others to boys absolutely free—without competition or contest—just for being agents to sell The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger.

It's easy to deliver our papers to weekly customers and to get new customers. Only a little time on Fridays or Saturdays required.

Steady Money
In addition to Premiums

Our Agents earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week in cash. It does not cost a penny to start. You sell the papers to weekly customers and take your money out. This money is in addition to the valuable premiums we give. Do not miss this chance. Just write us a letter or post-card and say "I will be Agent for your papers in my neighborhood." No risk—you cannot lose anything—you send us no money until you sell the papers. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 N. Dearborn St.,
Dept. B4, Chicago, Illinois

lower regions freeze over for all of them."

"An' what 'bout you, Absalom Smith?" she asked. "You do much for Sa' Fu."

"Me?" he said with a curt laugh. "Oh, I'll go back to Chicago on the blind baggage of some train, get a job somewhere, somehow, and we'll forget it."

"But you no never can get marry again," she declared troubledly, "so long as Sa' Fu is you' wife."

He sighed. "Sarah Fu," he said, "love works in strange ways. I came down here to New Orleans to make you fall for me—and instead it turns out that to me you are the most enchanting and desirable little creature that ever lived. I could never care for an American girl after knowing you and your quaint personality. For me—well—it's the single life for me from now on. That's all, I guess."

She looked at him. Then she drew herself proudly up to her full height. "Then, Absalom Smith, I refuse your offer—I go to China where I know nobody an' nobody know me. I go—to what is strange land an' strange peoples to me. For when you think I let man marry me joos' to save me from legal tro'ble, you much mistake. Love—love—love and happ'ness and husban'—all them things mean joos' so much to me as to any other girl. You think I not good enough to live with and be sweethearts with—joos' because I 'ave Chinese blood. Well—I show. If you cannot love me, then I not care to go into prop'sition."

"Do you mean that?" he said gravely, unbelievingly. "Do you mean that you'll let them send you clear to China before you'll take one little step to save yourself?"

"Yes—w'en I save myself joos' by marriage with man who have onlee pity for me."

He stood for a second, drinking in the intoxication of those dark eyes, studying that delicate oval face with its thin eyebrows and the two tiny points of rouge on the high cheekbones, this dainty little unanalyzed bit of femininity in whom was mixed the mystery of the Orient and the charm of the French woman. Then suddenly something seemed to break within his soul, and he held out his arms to her.

"Sarah Fu," he said huskily, "I have fought against it—fought against it with all my heart and soul. But I can't do so any longer. I love you, Sarah Fu, I do love you. So fear not, little flower, for no matter what strange bloods of men are in you, I love you dearly just because to my personality has come your personality. Sarah Fu—rest your fears. I will be your husband in more than name—if you so desire it. I will cherish you and be good to you for the rest of your days, live with you, take care of you, and you will be my wife exactly as the wives you see all about you. But remember, tho, the world will wag its head and talk. We may have to creep within our own little cave. We may have to go to a strange city and begin life all over again—together. We will not have friends and social companionship because—well—because the world doesn't understand all things. But we will go it together, Sarah, lovers, sweethearts and pals, and to perdition with the racial tangle that has tried to mess our lives. Now is it all right, my own beloved?"

Her face, so sad before, broke into an enchanting smile of gladness, and she crept into the arms that were held open to her.

"Oh, Absalom Smith, how I will love you. For I know too well what you have do tonight—and all it means to you. Mebbe world will not onnerstan', but you' papa—him in the chair automobile—he will onnerstan', and I show you how good I be to him. You look on me as joos' lil half-Chinese wife. But I know you how real wife such like I can be. An' we don't care, do we, for world and all its thinks that it thinks? We joos' have happiness and lofe—lots of it?"

"Lots of it," he echoed fervently. He stroked the delicate curls of her black bobbed hair. "Blood is a mighty tide, but the love of two individuals is a mightier one, Sarah." He shook his head. "Sarah Fu—you are a witch."

SHE disentangled herself from his arms. "But this—what you tell me about Barker and detective policemen? What——"

"Yes," he said, as a little clock in the adjoining room tinkled forth a single stroke that marked the hour of one. "You must clothe yourself for the street. We must get out of here within fifteen minutes. Already we have wasted too much time, but perhaps it was the most precious time of our two lives. Now, honey-girl, have you a cloak or something? Surely you have had to go over to the American section at times."

"I 'ave cloak and American dresses made in Pa'is," the girl replied. "I wear one beau'ful black dress with beads. I make you enchant, Absalom. They say woman can't dress quick. I go in back room an' come back to you in ten minutes, so quick do I scoot out from one clothes into another. And then we hurry—joos' like speed of the wind. We——"

But she got no further with her sentence, for with a sharp snap the cast-iron catch that loosely held together one of the pairs of shutters which led out upon the balcony broke as tho a shoulder had been pressed from without against the lattice-like casements. A second later they swung quickly outward and thru the opening stepped a man, bristly with several days' growth of beard, with trousers frayed at the ends, his stocky head carrying a sailor's cap, and with face tanned almost to a bronze by the rays of some pitiless sun. Partially concealed under one flap of his worn coat was a long blue steel revolver, gripped in fingers themselves almost of steel. And that revolver presented an unwavering black hole to the man and the girl who gazed wide-eyed at the intruder. Like a flash the stranger reached back of him with his free hand and drew the two shutters to again. But one thought whirled thru Smith's mind. "A holdup!" he told himself.

But the words which were spoken almost on top of the entrance of the stranger were to refute utterly that theory of his incursion upon affairs. For, with gun now pointed with deadly accuracy at Smith, he addressed the latter, and his voice was full of menace and anger.

"Now, Smith," he bit out, "I've monkeyed long enough with you. Once I lost you altogether—that day you skipped me over in the department store on Canal street—but it's the las' time I'm goin' to lose you, I'll hand you that, my lad. I 'spose because you've lost your head over this little Chink girl here you've about forgot the errand you come down here on, but you're goin' loco over her don't turn me none from what I want o' you. Now out with it—and out with it quick—the name o' that father or uncle, whichever he was, who sent you down here to Chinaman's Block. And be minded you tell me the truth, for I'm goin' with you tonight and check up every las' word you hands me. And unless you speaks up mighty quick and free-like an' gives me the whole truth to boot, there's goin' to be one less Smith in the world before I'm done. Smith, before God, I mean business."

At last we meet again with the grizzled seaman who entered the New York engraving house at the opening of the story on his strange mission, and he who played the part of the blind beggar when Smith first entered New Orleans. Smith's plan to save Sarah Fu seems to be blocked for the moment, but even tho blocked temporarily, perhaps he will learn something about this whole web. Next issue really throws light on many things, but being only Number IX, there is one number beyond it to conclude the story.

STOP WHISKEY

An Odorless and Tasteless Treatment.

Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food, and it costs nothing to try! If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 1096 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, a trial package of this wonderful treatment. Write today and be thankful all your life.—Adv.

Across the Highway

THERE were Annie's tearoom and Georgie's garage—one was about as good a business proposition as the other, and they faced each other across a highway. Annie offered tea and cinnamon toast and raspberry jam; that kind of thing. There were yellow curtains at the window, with green geese going up purple trees sideways; you know the sort of thing it was—strictly art.

Georgie on his side of the street, carried the best brand of gasoline.

Now Annie was blessed with beauty and brains. She could run a tearoom with one hand. Consider the history of most tearooms; isn't it generally entitled "'The Decline and Fall?' May 1, Open for Business; June 3, Closed for Repairs; June 23, This Store Will Be Occupied by the Scootum Garage. Buy Soakem Oil."

Not so the Purple Parrot. Three times it closed for repairs and opened with extensions and improvements. Annie herself was not above tripping about with trays, whispering to one customer while she took cash from another and handed cake to a third.

It is easily to be understood, then, that Georgie liked the institution of afternoon tea. He thought Annie ran her tearoom well, but he thought it would be still a better proposition to have Annie run Georgie's tearoom well. So he came around, on an average once a week, to suggest it; but what he said was, "Annie, will you marry me?" Annie in reply always looked deeply touched, but answered, "Georgie, dear, I can't make up my mind to it. If I married any one, I'd marry you, but I can't see a particular reason for marrying any one."

Then, one day, just as Georgie had got thru his question, quite without hope, she said calmly, balancing the cake in one hand and the tea in the other, "All right, George, I'm yours. I think June 15 would be a good day for it."

When Georgie came to, later in the afternoon, he was under the car. He wiped the grease out of one eye with the back of his hand and screamed for his young assistant, aged 10, all freckles and elbows. "Keep the shop," he commanded. "Give 'em gas and hold 'em for repairs. Back in ten minutes."

He chose the ring in seven minutes, paid down a fat sum and agreed to hand over the great rest on June 25.

The next time he and Annie were taking time off in the little car, he said casually: "I've sold the garage, honey."

Annie blinked her eyes twice and swallowed once. "But what can we live on?" she asked, with a voice that faded away to almost nothing when it got to the question mark.

Georgie said, with quiet confidence, "We can put the capital into the tearoom; go into it on a partnership basis—expand it." He expanded his chest.

Annie cogitated. She couldn't seem to see Georgie as a partner in that tearoom; unless it was as treasurer.

"Oh," she said.

That night she thought hard and wrote a few letters. Then she slept the sleep of the just.

The first of July, she said casually, as she was sitting close to the driver of the family car, "I've sold the tearoom, Georgie." Georgie's foot came down hard on the accelerator and for a few minutes the world swung around like a spinning top, then it stuck fast, while the nose of the machine cuddled up to a tree trunk.

The smallest kind of a voice came out of Georgie's chest. "What—what are we going to live on?" he asked weakly.

"Ask me what I did with the money," she said, firmly, and smilingly.

"What?"

"I bought a garage—the garage. You know."

Georgie did know. Annie went on pensively. "Of course we lost a bit on the transaction, but, after all, that was your fault, and," she added pleasantly, "you can make it up easy with your knack for the business."

Georgie's admiration for her rose to white heat. Annie improved with age, like a fiddle. He'd rather be her garage-keeper than the head of any one else's tearoom. He sent the car into high, down the long, white road toward home, and he said as the wind rushed by them: "Sure, I'll have it a going concern in no time."

"Just as you say, dear," said the meek wife. But to herself she said: "I always did want to own a garage."

THE END.

Direct from the Factory

8 Adjustments
12
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11

21 Jewel
Studebaker

Direct to you from the factory at lowest factory prices—saves you big money on the greatest watch value in all America. Mail coupon for beautiful Studebaker Style Book, showing 54 newest, thin-model, art beauty designs, handsome effects in yellow gold, green gold and white gold. FREE on request.

Insured for a Lifetime

The Studebaker is insured to the owner for life. It is the only watch that carries this extreme measure of protection.

$1 Down—Easy Payments

Only this small amount down and the balance in monthly payments. It is easy to own a Studebaker. Pay for it while you wear it.

Watch Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering with every Studebaker Insured Watch a beautiful Chain Free.

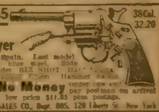
Mail Coupon for Style Book

Write today and get a copy of our Style Book. Shows 54 new Art Beauty Cases and 8 artistic dial designs. Tells all about watches—how to know and select a good one. Explains the Studebaker 8 adjustments—the 5 position adjustments plus heat, cold and isochronism and why your watch should have *all* these 8 adjustments. Gives you all details of our Direct-from-the-Factory, *easy payment* selling plan. Mail coupon NOW.

Studebaker Watch Co., Dept. 16 South Bend, Ind.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., Dept 16, South Bend, Indiana.
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.
Gentlemen: Without any obligation please send me a copy of your Style Book [illegible] Watches and particulars of your Easy Payment Plan.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

$11.85



38 Cal. 32.20

Destroyer

New from Spain. Last model. Extra fine blue steel. Side swing cylinder. SIX SHOT. [illegible] Hammer [illegible]

Send No Money order now and pay postman on arrival our special low price $11.85 plus postage.

CUT PRICE SALES CO., Dept. 805, 120 Liberty St. New York

NEW TRU-FIT SPECTACLES FREE ON TRIAL

Beautiful Shell Rims Grace the Face

Don't Send a Penny
I Trust YOU

Flexible Gold Filled Bows Will Not Hurt Most Tender Ears

SEND NO MONEY
I Will Not Accept a Single Penny Until You Are Satisfied.

I guarantee a perfect fit or will make no charge whatever. I have convinced over 200,000 men and women that my large "True Vision" glasses, with handsome shell rims, are the finest and most durable spectacles to be had. I want to send you a pair at my own risk, without one penny in advance. These splendid glasses will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, **see far or near.** They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. All I ask is that you send me your **name, address and age.**

I know that these finely ground glasses will give you such "True Vision" and splendid satisfaction that I insist on sending them on FREE TRIAL, so you can see what a remarkable bargain I offer. When they arrive, put them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to **read, work and sew, see clearly at a distance or close up, by daylight or lamplight.**

If after wearing **them 10 days and nights you are delighted with them and think them equal to spectacles selling elsewhere at $15.00,** send only $3.98; otherwise return them and there will be no charge. Try them NOW—They are SENT FREE. They will come packed in a beautiful gold lettered spectacle case. Try them for 10 full days at my risk and expense. Send the coupon now. **Send no money!**

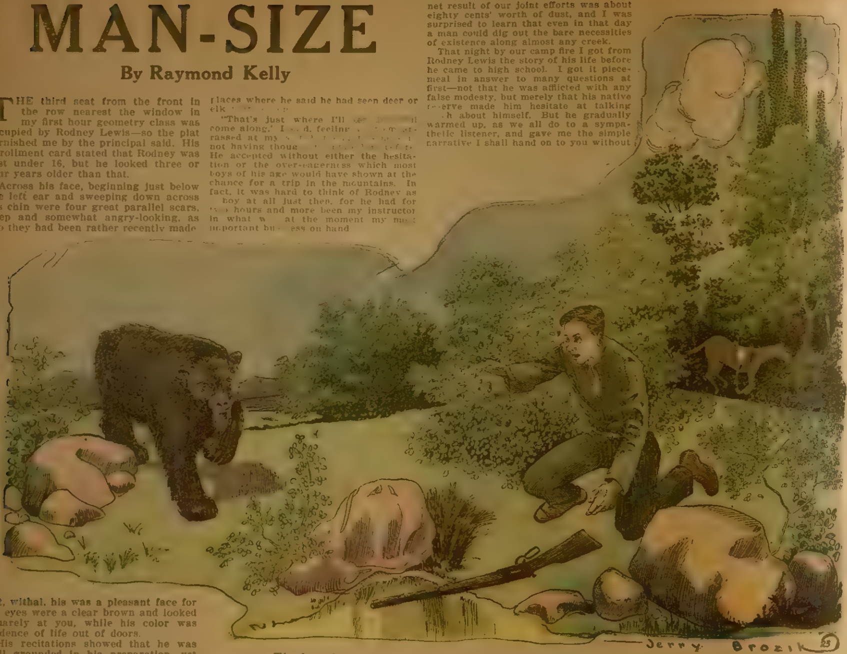
MAIL COUPON TODAY
RITHOLZ SPECTACLE CO. Dept. RW 164
1462-64-66 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10 day FREE TRIAL. If I like them I will pay $3.98. If not, I will return them and there will be no charge.
Name .... Age ....
Post Office ....
Street and No. ....
Box No. .... R. F. D. .... State ....

MAN-SIZE

By Raymond Kelly

THE third seat from the front in the row nearest the window in my first hour geometry class was occupied by Rodney Lewis—so the plat furnished me by the principal said. His enrollment card stated that Rodney was just under 16, but he looked three or four years older than that.

Across his face, beginning just below the left ear and sweeping down across his chin were four great parallel scars, deep and somewhat angry-looking, as tho they had been rather recently made



The bear had been hit, but the shot was too high.

Yet, withal, his was a pleasant face for his eyes were a clear brown and looked squarely at you, while his color was evidence of life out of doors.

His recitations showed that he was well grounded in his preparation, yet he had a diffident manner in speaking which was nevertheless not bashfulness. It seemed, rather, the result of a feeling of respect for the school in which he found himself.

His nod on entering my classroom was that of a man to his equal, and, altho he seemed to be liked by the other boys and to like them, he did not mingle with them much. The girls in the class were to him as tho non-existent.

At football games I noticed that he seldom took part in the cheering; yet he was interested and seemed eager for the home team to win. More than once I have seen him come involuntarily to his feet when the play got close.

Altogether, he was a type new to me and I found my interest in him increasing. Nevertheless, altho I was his instructor, I hesitated at drawing him into conversation, because his reticence inspired in me something of the same feeling. I asked some of my fellow-teachers about him, but learned only that he had never attended school before, but had been admitted to second year courses by [illegible].

It was, all in all, somewhat of a surprise to me when he came up to me in a sporting goods store where I was looking at firearms and offered to help me in my selection. I soon saw that he [illegible] on familiar ground, and when he [illegible] chosen for me a little carbine that se[illegible] to fit against my shoulder as tho it were tailor-made, I asked him to help me pick out my outfit. He consented and I was much pleased with the air of absolute certainty with which he discriminated between essentials and the things which were not.

When I had finished buying I found that my outfit came to considerably more money than I had planned on, but that everything in it was worth while and even necessary, while some articles that I had supposed absolutely indispensable were left out as mere excess baggage. The wide peep sights on the rifle meant at least one hundred per cent better chance of reasonably decent shooting by a rank tenderfoot, altho I found out later that Rodney, himself, never [illegible].

When, in answer to his question as to where I intended to hunt, I said, "Oh, I just thought I'd take a little run out on the Oregon Short Line and browse around." He answered, "Might be as good luck as any, but it's usually kind of hunted out near a railroad. You have a week. Why don't you hunt across from the Big Hole to the Wise River?" Then he took a stub of lead pencil and drew a rough map, indicating several places where he said he had seen deer or elk [illegible].

"That's just where I'll [illegible] come along.' I [illegible]d, feeling [illegible] rassed at my [illegible] not having thou[illegible]. He accepted without either the hesitation or the over-eagerness which most boys of his age would have shown at the chance for a trip in the mountains. In fact, it was hard to think of Rodney as a boy at all just then, for he had for [illegible] hours and more been my instructor in what was at the moment my most important business on hand.

[illegible] It was that at 3 o'clock the [illegible]rning we dropped off the train at Ma[illegible] Rock on the old battlefield where Baker had disgraced the flag thirty years before by the useless and wicked slaughter of the Nez Perce[illegible]. There we waited by our little fire until the dawn showed us where we could ford.

Of the details of our trip I may tell some other time. Suffice to say that it was reasonably successful. I got a black-tail and had a try at a big-horn which is more luck than usually falls to the lot of a green hunter. But the real memories of that trip center aro[illegible] my getting acquainted with Rodney [illegible]. He was a marvel to me in the certainty with which he travel[illegible], without need of consulting [illegible], even when mak[illegible] way over the masses of wind-[illegible] lay among the dense lodge-[illegible].

The pleasant and offhand way in which he corrected me when I mistook the tracks of domestic sheep for those of the deer; his quiet assumption of leadership at the ford of the Big Hole, and the smile of reassurance with which he set at rest my tenderfoot fears as I stepped into the icy waters just above the riffle of the rapids all tended to strengthen the impression. I was ten years his senior and was his teacher; yet, tho our customary relations was now reversed and I was under his leadership, he showed not the slightest sign of feeling [illegible]iority. To my way of think-[illegible] is one of the real evidences of character—to be able to follow without inferiority and to lead without patronizing.

Before the end of that first [illegible] I found myself rather keenly embarrassed when, in answer to my inquiry, Rodney informed me that he was financing himself thru high school by acting as a guide for hunting and fishing parties. But he put me at ease at once by saying that it was a pleasure to him to take a trip without other responsibility than that which always exists between friends. And his expression was sincere.

When I asked him if his youth did not make it hard for him to get up a crowd of men for one of his trips he said, "People do not ask me my age very often, and these mountains are so old that a few years don't amount to much, anyhow."

Once, when we were crossing a small alluvial fan, Rodney stopped and showed me how the old-time placer miner used to pan out gold, and, because it amused me, he spent the rest of that day with me washing sand in our frying-pan. The net result of our joint efforts was about eighty cents' worth of dust, and I was surprised to learn that even in that day a man could dig out the bare necessities of existence along almost any creek.

That night by our camp fire I got from Rodney Lewis the story of his life before he came to high school. I got it piecemeal in answer to many questions at first—not that he was afflicted with any false modesty, but merely that his native reserve made him hesitate at talking [illegible]h about himself. But he gradually warmed up, as we all do to a sympathetic listener, and gave me the simple narrative I shall hand on to you without [illegible] attempt at embellishment and as [illegible] as possible in his own words.

"MY FATHER," said Rodney, "was an old trapper, hunter and guide. He was for a long time an interpreter in the Government service and was stationed from time to time at almost every army post from the Platte to the Canada line. He spoke all the native dialects and was liked by all the Indians because he didn't twist the things he translated, as so many of the interpreters did. He was called by many different Indian names, but, translated into English, they all meant 'True Tongue.' Father was always proud of that name.

"[illegible]ly days father was what was called a squaw-man; that is, he had an Indian wife. I know that men who married squaws were naturally looked down on, but I don't think father ever was, and I know he respected his wife and was kind to her while she lived. He was good to the children they had, too, and they all turned out finely. The two boys are both officers in the Philippine Constabulary, and my half-sister is a teacher in a Government school down in New Mexico. They were all grown up and had left home before father married the second time, and so I have never seen any of them, altho they write to me once in a while.

"Father met my mother [illegible] when he was working [illegible] Yellow[illegible]. She [illegible] with [illegible] party of [illegible], and [illegible] married father instead of going back to her [illegible]. She was thirty years younger than he was and had a fine education, but she understood him and they always got along finely together. She and father were alike in one quality: There was a gentleness about them that you don't see in most people. I never heard either of them say a sarcastic thing. While they both lived I hardly knew anybody else and I suppose that is why I miss them more than I otherwise would, maybe.

"Father had a little money, and he trapped in winter and farmed in summer, just enough to raise what we needed. Our section was twelve miles from the nearest neighbor's place, but we didn't get lonesome because we were all there together. Father liked to work around the place and he was always fixing up something to make things easier for mother. There was a stream that ran right thru our land and we had a fine irrigated kitchen garden and even had water running thru a conduit into the house. Mother had been a domestic science teacher back East, and I guess lots of women in town would have opened their eyes at her kitchen.

"Father hunted and fished a lot, too and as soon as I was big enough he began taking me with him. Mother liked to go with us just for company, but she couldn't bear to kill anything or even to see it done, and father never made fun of her, for that, but liked it in her. I don't like women to hunt, either. Somehow, it takes away their gentleness, I think. So, most of the time father and I went alone and when we came back, after being gone two or three days—as we were sometimes—mother never said anything about having been lonesome, but she was always glad to get us back.

"Mother taught me to read when I was 4, and father was even prouder of that than she was. He couldn't read much himself, but he wasn't ignorant and he loved to have mother or me read to him. The book he liked best was a tarnslation of the Iliad into English verse, and he must have listened to it clear thru at least a hundred times. He knew whole pages of it by heart, and if I made a mistake so as to spoil the meter he could often correct me exactly.

"He was a sort of natural scientist, too, in his way and knew all about the habits and structure of all the animals and birds and fish, and even the trees and flowers within miles of our house. I think that's the reason I like botany and zoology so well now—my having studied them for years with father without even knowing that they were lessons at all, but just thinking of them as things that father knew about and would tell me. Of course I didn't get the scientific names that way, but that part comes easy when you really know about a thing.

"Mother always had an Indian girl from up in the Flathead country to help her with her housework. They're smart, Indians are, some of them, and they aren't lazy, if they like you. They always did like mother, and she taught them a great deal besides their work, and when one of them went away to school she would always send a friend of hers to take her place. I guess everybody always liked mother, tho she didn't get to meet many people up there on the place, kind of away from civilization. Distance is a kind of funny thing. We were no farther from either Butte or Helena than it is from Baltimore to Washington, but we were in the wilderness, almost, and I understood that you would be passing houses and farms and villages all the time on that other trip.

"By the time I was 12 years old I was

brought in all the game and fish we needed for our table, and was trapping for myself in the winter time. Father took my skins to Helena along with his and brought me back a savings bankbook that showed nearly a hundred and fifty dollars. We called that my college money, and I was mighty proud of it.

"Mother died that next spring. Pneumonia, I guess. She was only sick two days and we couldn't get a doctor there in that time. I had never noticed then that father was old, altho I knew he must be 'way over 70, having been a grown man in Custer's day and before. He didn't seem to come back very fast, and I could tell that he was worrying a good deal about me. He knew that I could shift for myself if I had to, but he didn't like the idea of my growing up sort of wild. He spent more and more of his time with me, and I read to him a great deal.

"We lived alone that way, except for an Indian cook, for over a year, and father was talking some of moving to town so that I could go to school, but our land wasn't really salable and, besides, I argued against the move because I knew that father would never be happy in a place where there were so many people. He didn't want to get far away from where mother was, either. Every day he would go over to her grave for a little while, and just sit there. It seemed to do him good and not to make him blue at all, like you'd think it would.

"When spring came the next year they began to run the big power line thru the mountain country, and quite a lot of men came past our place with pole outfits. There were some big pines on one end of our land, and father sold them for poles. He and I helped get the timber out and then, after that, father took a job with the pole outfit. He seemed much better then and more cheerful than for a long time. The superintendent stayed at our house for two weeks and he was a fine fellow. He asked to be allowed to play mother's old organ, and father let him do it, and seemed to find the music restful. He would sit and listen with his eyes closed, and I knew he was pretending that it was mother playing again.

"One day I came back from catching some trout for supper and found the whole pole gang there. Dad had been hurt. A pole had got away from them, and father, not being as active as he was once, hadn't got out of the way fast enough. He lived three days, but he never got really conscious, tho he spoke my name and mother's several times.

"There was a minister camping out on the edge of the river about twelve miles from our place, and I got him to come over and hold a service for father and in memory of mother, because I thought they would have liked it if they could have known. He made a beautiful talk—that minister—but he kind of hurt me when he spoke of their humble and obscure lives. They weren't humble in that sense, and father wasn't exactly obscure, either. Most all the old-timers in the whole West knew him and admired him, and he was a success, too, becaus he'd always done what he set out to do, and had done it right. He was always square with everybody, too.

"After father was gone I couldn't stay there alone, of course, and I didn't want to live with the neighbors who asked me. They were all right, but so different from my own folks that I would have been lonelier than ever to be so near the old place and with everything changed so. So I decided to go to town and go to school, figuring that I could bring hunting parties out to the ranch and make money that way. Father had told me there was good living to be made that way.

"So I just gathered a small outfit together and took old Baldy, my calico horse, and started over the mountains for town. I sold the cow and the draft team first, and just shut the doors. We don't go much on locks in the hills, you know.

"I WAS about five miles from where we are now by about 10 o'clock in the morning, and was looking around a bit in the hope of seeing a deer trail that was fresh, because it was over a week since I had had any meat except bacon, when I caught sight of the first live grizzly I had ever seen. He was in the trail right ahead of me as I came around the corner of a ledge, and he was standing up on his hind legs with his forepaws kind of dangling, as tho he was undecided whether to travel on four legs or two. He wasn't looking for trouble, but he wasn't running away from it, either. Grizzlies are most like that, you know. It's up to you whether you let them alone or fight it out with them. I figure the grizzly is pretty nearly what I call a gentleman—afraid of nobody, but not a trouble-seeker, either. I should have let this old fellow alone, but my hunting instinct was up and I wanted to get him. No sense to that idea because it wasn't quite October and his coat wasn't much yet. Besides, nobody, except maybe a few Indians, ever eats the meat. But, just the same, I wanted him and I pulled the old rifle out of the saddle holster.

"Old Baldy had been shot across a hundred times and was used to it, but let most any horse get a whiff of a bear and he will bolt. Father had taught me that, but it completely slipped my [illegible] for the moment.

[illegible] had father's old forty-eighty-two Winchester. He never could be convinced that a thirty-thirty was a real gun and considered jacketed bullets newfangled. I must admit that I prefer an old forty-eighty-two with a lead bullet notched with a cross, myself. It's got the weight and when that big chunk of lead is put inside and under the left shoulder, or if you get the chance, right into the ear of a bear, it's pretty sure to stop him in his tracks.

"Well, anyhow, I got a sight on that bear, but, just as I squeezed the trigger, Baldy wheeled and bolted, throwing me as he did so. I don't know what became of him, for I never saw him again.

"I landed on all fours in the trail and pitched forward onto my face, knocking me almost out and skinning me up considerably, but, fortunately, I had steam enough left to crawl on over my gun. If that had gone over the edge of the trail it would have been all up with me, I guess.

"The bear had been hit, but the shot was too high, as the bullet had plowed thru the neck muscles cutting, I suppose, enough arteries to bleed him to death in time but, for the moment only making him mad, so that he waded right into me.

"Grizzlies look clumsy, but they aren't at all. This fellow had nearly a hundred and fifty yards to cover while I crawled twenty feet to my gun, but he was on me by the time I was half-way up to my feet. I didn't have a chance to get the gun to my shoulder. There wasn't room for that. I just brought the muzzle up like a soldier presenting arms, and then, just as I squeezed the trigger, I felt a terrible blow and tearing right on the side of my face.

"I don't know how long I was out, but it must have been three or four hours before I came to. I was under the bear and was almost smothered by his weight. My torn face and broken jaw ached terribly. For a long time I lay there without even the strength to try to get out, and only wishing that the magpies would shut up so that I could go to sleep.

"But gradually I got a little strength and then I managed to crawl out. I was terribly sick and dizzy [illegible] against the cliff in [illegible] position, only half conscious most of the time, until late in the afternoon. My water-bottle was on me instead of on the horse, or I should have been much worse off than I was. I could thank father's teaching for that bit of luck. He had often warned me never to get separated a foot from my canteen, no matter how much of a nuisance it might be to tote it, and now I was profiting by that lesson. Of course, that isn't as important up north here as it is in the desert country, but it can make a difference at [illegible]

"By [illegible] in the afternoon I was [illegible] better, but still awfully weak and very cold, for I was at an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet and the sun was getting down a bit, tho there was still a good three hours of daylight left as the hills to the westward were lower than where I was.

"I realized that I had no chance of making the seven miles to the cabins at the old placer diggings and I found that a night in the open without any shelter at all would finish me; so I dragged myself over to the carcass and [illegible] way or other, managed to get up enough resolution to hack off the hide with my knife and to drag it away for about a hundred yards. Then I went back for the rifle and, by the time I got it over to the skin I was absolutely all in. I crawled in under that green hide and lay there too exhausted to do more than breathe.

"By this time my face had stopped bleeding, but my shirt was all caked with dried blood and dirt and was very uncomfortable. The ground under me was very rough and pebbly, too, and the hide was heavy on me. I'm afraid I cried a little bit, but I was so weak and tired that I went to sleep by and by.

"I was waked up by the snarling of the coyotes over the carcass of the bear. They wouldn't have dared so much as to look at him when he was alive, but they were right on hand for a feast now that he was done in. Twice during the night they scattered and I knew that they had been scared by something or other. That frightened me, too, altho it was not the time of year when an old male grizzly would be likely to have a mate, and I knew that a wolf would not come near me unless the smell of the hide completely drowned out the human odor. That was unlikely or the coyotes would have been smelling around. The big cats were fairly common around here, as they always are, but nobody ever pays any attention to them, altho it does give you a kind of creepy feeling when they holler at night.

"I was feeling very hungry by this time, and I tried to suck at some thick pieces of bacon I had with me, but my broken jaw pained me so I that I could hardly get any satisfaction out of it.

"By and by, daylight came and I got up and staggered on, hoping that I might make it to the cabins that day, because sometimes hunters stayed there. I was very weak and feverish and, I guess, I was talking to myself a good deal of the time. I hung onto that hide, dragging it after me, probably knowing by instinct that I might need its protection another night. It was lucky that I did that, for I covered less than four miles that day, but I did get to a creek and had all the water I could drink and refilled the canteen. I was never so crazy with fever as to let go of that. I remember, too, that I pulled off little pieces of the fat that had stuck to the hide and tried to [illegible]

"I [illegible] that [illegible] time for I had [illegible] whether I lived or not. I [illegible] ker in the morning and didn't [illegible] much except that I [illegible] miserable and cold and lonely. I [illegible] my mother and did not rea[illegible] should never see her again [illegible] like a little child.

"HOW long I wandered around [illegible] I couldn't [illegible] two or three [illegible] I [illegible] a ragged old tepee [illegible] ed up in dirty band[illegible] I [illegible] bled onto the summer [illegible] Canada Crees who winter on the flat by the slaughter-house near Butte. They are the dirtiest Indians there [illegible] but they took me in, and an old squaw set my jaw as well as any doctor could. She fed me some kind of broth that tasted good to me then, tho I guess it was really pretty awful.

"I suppose the Crees got father's old rifle, unless maybe I lost it before I got to them. I asked them about it, but they never can understand any English when you are trying to locate lost property.

"I [illegible] round that camp for two weeks, and by th[illegible] I wa[illegible] was glad to go, too [illegible] smells and sounds [illegible] none too sweet. I [illegible] think that I w[illegible] what the had [illegible] for I was [illegible] tended to [illegible] I found that it was gone [illegible] dy collected, but I wa[illegible] I [illegible] it into Butte the [illegible] and borrowed fifty doll[illegible] timer who had known [illegible] and that kept me till I could get to the bank at Helena and be identified. Then I got a job skinning mules on the new railroad g[illegible] where they made the cut-off [illegible] until snow flew. Then I w[illegible] mucker at the Minnie Healy [illegible] until I entered high school. [illegible] I've gone to school and have spent weekends as a guide in the hil[illegible] I have got to stay out the rest of the year for I have a party that w[illegible] to start next week for the whole [illegible] And that's all there [illegible]."

There was a world of quiet determination in those last two word[illegible] twenty years that have gone by [illegible] that night under the Montana [illegible] been but little surprised at [illegible] Rodney Lewis, high [illegible] star athlete in college, and winner of [illegible] D. S. M. for his work in France as a captain in the U. S. Medical [illegible] rve Corp[illegible]

THE END

* * *

Little Ellen.

LITTLE Ellen kept a-smellin',
  Smellin' all all round the house.
  F[illegible] at this door, then at that
  Nose in air like pussycat—
Then she squeaked just like a mouse

At the kitchen odors rich in
Every kind of fragrant spice
  Made her caper, dance and shout
  'Now I've found the secret out!
P[illegible] for dinner—ain't that nice!"

Yes—Absolutely Free

To Prove How to Restore

Gray Hair

I personally request every gray haired person to write for my patented Free Trial package [illegible] let me [illegible] if I couldn't [illegible] ted my Restorer [illegible] the original color to [illegible] gray hair, and I know ju[illegible] [illegible] ald. c[illegible] [illegible] ff. Restored hair per[illegible] in all lights, no streaking or [illegible]

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one [illegible] of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman,
171-M Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Tri[illegible] color of hair. Black...... d[illegible] medium brown...... auburn (dark red) [illegible] light auburn (light red)...... bl[illegible]

Name ....

Street ....

$2.00 an hour for You

Sell STYLE-ARCH Shoes

TWO DOLLARS PER HOUR is little even for inexperienced Style-Arch salesmen to earn—it's so easy to sell Style-Arch shoes direct to [illegible] Our salesmen make $5 to $25 a day. [illegible] $ 000 a year and more. Make this [illegible]

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Smartest styles, below retail prices [illegible] Arch Support feature, bring immediate and re[illegible] We sen[illegible] ply carrying case and actual samples. Write today for [illegible] ples and selling [illegible]

STYLE-ARCH SHOE CO.
Dept. D-6 Cincinnati, O.

$7.50 $15 Value 32 Cal. 10 Shot

And extra magazine for ten shots.

Automatic Military Model

Safest automatic made of best blue steel [illegible] brand new [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY

[illegible] price, plus [illegible] Satisfaction [illegible] Order NOW

PRICE CUTTING CO., Dpt. 45M, 55 Broadway, New York

Stop Wheezing and Sneezing

Quick as Lightning—No Waiting

All Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and Catarrh Vanishes. Difficult breathing — burning, itching eyes — coughing — in fact, everything cleared away by the old and reliable Atlas Treatment. Recommended everywhere. Miss B. Hubbard of Mobile, Ala. says: "Finest [illegible] the World." We will prove it is the best [illegible] $1 supply FREE to all sufferers who write [illegible] description of trouble.

Atlas Medic Co., 201 Byers Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You This *Guaranteed* WRIST WATCH

THE MOST SENSATIONAL WATCH OFFER EVER MADE

The cases of genuine ALPHA watches are 14 K. rolled gold richly engraved; latest [illegible] High grade silk grosgrain ribbon with 14 K. rolled gold fittings. Guaranteed movement; a splendid timekeeper. Complete in handsome gift box.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Just sign your name and address and we will send this genuine ALPHA guaranteed wrist watch on 10 days' trial. Pay your postman $1.00 on delivery. Test this high grade ALPHA watch, show it to your friends—then if you are not convinced of its high quality and low price send the watch back and we will refund your deposit. If you keep this genuine ALPHA wrist watch pay $2.00 a month until you have paid $9.00.

NO PAPERS TO SIGN

There are no strings attached to this offer—no embarrassing questions to answer. WE TRUST YOU. Simply write your name and address on the coupon and this genuine ALPHA watch comes to you for 10 days' free trial. USE THIS COUPON →

GUARANTEE Genuine ALPHA watches are guaranteed against defects in workmanship and material, that they will keep accurate time and that the case will give 25 years' satisfactory service. ORDER TODAY.

ROSGREN EXPORT CO. 2 & 4 Maiden Lane New York, N. Y.

Ros-Gren Export Co. Dept. 246
2 & 4 Maiden Lane,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me a genuine ALPHA wrist watch. I will pay the postman $1.00 on arrival. If I am not satisfied after 10 days' trial I may return it and you will [illegible] deposit. But [illegible] I will pay you $2.00 a month until $9.00 has been paid.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

Write Plainly in Pencil.

The Red Crisis

(Continued From Page 2)

know me pretty well by this time. I don't want my wife looking dowdy. Business is picking up and things are going smoother. I've dismissed that gum-chewing stenographer for a widow with four children to support. Those girls won't stay long, anyway."

"Oh, how wonderful, John!" I exclaimed. But all the time I'm thinking what had come over John. He had not said we'd stay at home as I expected he would when I suggested it. What a surprise; he even wanted me to buy new clothes to wear to the party! There must be something behind it all, or was it that he was making more money? He never says much about his business affairs to me. Bee thinks I'm kept down too much. She thinks I ought to be more independent—wear what I want.

When I called Bee and asked if I could go along with her to town the next day, you can imagine her surprise!

"Why," she said right over the phone (and you don't know who might be listening), "did the old dear loosen up?"

She talks slang something awful, and her husband doesn't seem to mind; but my John, he thinks it downright vulgar. Of course, I've a fine man; oh, much nicer than Bee's!

"Such talk!" I said when Bee said that. "John's a dear, good boy. Why, I wouldn't change places with any queen." She understood, of course, that John was listening, all right.

"We'll leave on the 8:15 in the morning." She didn't give me time to protest, tho it came to me that next day was mending day. Oh, how could I go? I never neglected my work like that before. All the excitement had gone to my head. I would get a new dress and shoes—no, not shoes—satin pumps. Something nice, of course. I han't thought what the stuff would cost, and a dress. What kind of a dress? Perhaps Bee would know, but then there would be such a little time to think about it in the morning. I was afraid to ask my husband what color dress he would like me to get.

The next morning we just got the 8:15, and that was all; at any rate I had no time to spare. It didn't seem long until we were alighting in the city.

"Now," says Bee, "we'll just go around to the Fifth avenue shop where I buy all my clothes and in no time you'll be transformed."

"And my husband's pocketbook will be transformed, also," I exclaimed.

"Can't you forget about that husband of yours just for today?" was her comeback. "We came up here to enjoy ourselves. I'm going to pick you out the duckiest little dress. It will make that titian-haired beauty turn green with envy. I think you ought to have something with a little color."

I let Bee ramble on while my thoughts were elsewhere. What if I got a dress that my husband didn't like? John might notice the red-haired girl just for spite. Oh, how terrible! I was brought back from my imaginings, however, by the saleslady with:

"What! Another red dress, this will be so becoming to madam."

"But I don't want a red dress," I said, somewhat uncivilly.

"But it's the very thing for madame," insists the saleslady, "and it isn't red, it's a rose shade."

Well, when I got into that dress I looked like everything, but would my husband like it? I could see Bee could scarcely keep her face straight. She must have known what was on my mind.

"I'd take it, Amy," she exclaimed. "You'd never get another dress to look so well. I'll help you smooth it over with John if he don't like it. You can always ask him to run up and exchange it for you for something else. You know you'd never get him in that store. Just say you won't have time to exchange it before the party."

WHEN we reached home that evening John was already parked in the living-room with the evening paper

"Well," he said, "did you get the dress? Seems like it took a long time just to buy a few things."

When I got into the dress for his inspection he said it looked all right—to my relief. Mind you, he didn't say it looked beautiful on me. he seemed kind-a absent-minded. Maybe he had business worries on his mind.

The fateful night of the party my husband seemed awful particular about his appearance and I'll admit I was about mine. My mirror made a very flattering report to me when I was all ready. Bee said I looked like a butterfly. That party was a success to the ones mostly concerned, but for me, I felt miserable from the time I stepped on the lawn until I left. We were received very graciously. You should have seen John's eyes light up with admiration as the beauty of the party came up, and you can imagine how I felt when she said, "I'm so glad to meet you, Mrs. Berkley; your husband has been telling me about you."

"Oh, where did you meet my husband?" I wanted to say, but I kept as calm as possible. John hadn't said anything about meeting her. He had been keeping something form me. How awful! Perhaps, I thought, he'll explain when we get home. I couldn't ask for an explanation there and he didn't seem to want to make any. The evening went by somehow. The red-haired beauty, whose name I learned was Winifred Thacher, surely got her share of attention. All the men wanted to do something for her, even John. It was terrible! I never saw my husband so attentive.

"Brace up," whispered Beatrice when she gets close enough to me, "why don't you flirt a little?"

"Why," I blurted out, "who would I flirt with; you know I don't do anything like that, anyway."

"Well"—she started to say something. I could have guessed what. She tried to keep me from going to the party and I wouldn't listen. I felt desperate. I'd a great notion to slip off home. I wouldn't be missed, probably. Well, the thing was ended at last. I had to say how much I enjoyed myself. I don't know when ever I told such a lie. My husband must have known I didn't enjoy myself, for he said, "You don't look much like you enjoyed yourself; you ought to. That was the most successful lawn party Mrs. Forester ever had. They usually are so drab. You wanted to go bad enough. Amy, I don't see why you didn't enjoy yourself."

I couldn't stand it any longer; I just had to assert some of my rights Bee is always telling me about.

"Tell me," I said, "where did you meet Miss Thacher? You didn't say anything about her before we went to the party. Surely I have a right to know why."

"Amy," he says, "you can know she came up to my office to see if I wouldn't subscribe to the girls' 'Open Air Club.' She said it would be such a help to the community. It will not only help Camden, but girls from other towns. It will be a great help to the village. I think it wonderful that she takes such an interest, lots of girls wouldn't."

"Is she going to stay here?" I exclaimed somewhat crossly. My patience was wearing out. That titian-haired siren had really captured my husband in her net. I would have to call on Bee to help me out. Surely she could think of something. I never had anything like this to ask her to solve, but I had great faith in my old schoolmate. She came right over when I called her.

"Why, Amy," she said, "you don't want to brood over this. She'll soon be gone."

Then I told her about the club affair She had heard they were going to build one about two miles out, then fell to talking about the club, how wonderful it would be, until I had to remind her that she came to help me, not the club.

"You dress up and parade about the streets of Camden; get John to take you to the movies, even if it isn't any good. You'll be taking up his time."

"All right," I promised when she left.

THINK what a surprise I got that evening when my husband came home saying that he was to go with the Thacher lady out to the site where they were going to build the club. She wanted his opinion of a few trivial matters and it would be such a nice ride after the day he'd had! Well, I couldn't do anything but let him go, since there would be no room for me. Bee's plans were crumbling. I was losing my husband, that was sure. I felt like ending everything right then and there. I threw myself on the couch and gave myself up to some awful thoughts. I don't know how long I'd lain there when Bee came in where I was. I didn't know she was about until I felt her shake me. She demanded to know what the trouble was.

"Oh, I'm lost!" I wailed.

"You mean John is," she said. "I think I've got a cure. You must let me do it. It won't be painful."

"Oh, I'll do anything!" I exclaimed. "John has fallen at last; deserted me for another woman."

"Well, quit wailing, and let's get to work. Your John's not lost to you; he is just infatuated with her. He'll drop her soon when he sees you tomorrow. Well, don't look so quizzical, I am going to tell you right now and here what I'm going to do. I'm going to dye your hair red. Just see if that won't be a knockout. He'll never look at a red-haired woman again."

"Well, go ahead; do your worst," I said. "My life can't be much worse."

So Bee started the dyeing process. When she got through you should have seen me—a complete transformation. Would my husband know I was his wife? I'd have to get lots of nerve to exhibit that head of hair when my husband came home. I had to do it. I had begun to feel a little independent by this time. If my husband and I were to separate, I'd have to feel independent, of course. By the time my husband came home I was dressed as near like the lady as my clothes would permit. I was sitting close to a window so the evening sun would shine directly on my newly colored hair. I knew my husband was staring at me, but I didn't dare let on.

"Dear, did you have a hard day? And did Miss Thacher approve your plans about the club house? Beatrice was telling me about it. It's just what we need. I'm afraid I've been rather neglectful. I should get out and help in affairs of this kind. Perhaps we could have a supper in the basement of the club. I'll suggest it tomorrow when the ladies meet at Mrs. Forester's."

I knew my husband was dumbfounded, but at last he found words to say:

"Amy, whatever have you been doing to your hair?"

"Oh, yes, my hair; do you like it, John? I think it looks wonderful. So becoming! I shouldn't wonder but that all the ladies in Camden will follow suit."

I knew they wouldn't, but I wanted time—but time for what? I'd felt the parting of the ways had come. I knew John didnt' like my red hair.

"How soon will it take to get that stuff off, or is it just a wig?"

Oh, why didn't I think of wearing a red wig, then I could have taken it off and all would have been peaceful again.

"But why, Amy, did you ever color your hair, and such an atrocious shade?" he exclaimed again.

Well, I felt as tho my world were really slipping away from under me.

"Why, John," I managed to say at last, "I thought you always admired red hair. I thought I would please you, that's why I did it."

"Well, I'm not pleased by a whole lot," he said.

I think it began to dawn on him why my hair was dyed red. He came closer to me. I didn't know whether he would strike me or just shake me. I didn't particularly care; I had aroused his interest in me, anyway. John never struck me in his life. He has never laid hands on me to hurt me since we were married, but never had I done such an outlandish thing before. My John was standing close enough to do either of the things mentioned. I picked up nerve to look up in his face. The next thing I knew I was in his strong arms. My husband had forgiven me! Neither one seemed to have anything to say. I had effected a cure and got away with it, thanks to dear old Bee! My husband was the first to speak.

"Amy, promise me now that you'll never do such a foolish thing again. I hate red hair. Don't mention it to me again."

I thought I might as well make John promise not to see Miss Thacher again, which he did without any coaxing. My husband and I will take a month's vacation. By that time the red will be gone from my hair and the jealousy from my [illegible]

THE END.

◆ ◆ ◆

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. F. [illegible] [illegible] Kansas City, M[illegible] for [illegible] a home treatment for [illegible] associated with [illegible] of [illegible] patients [illegible] If you suffer and before deciding on surgery, write for his Free booklet describing Gallstones and explaining this home treatment.—Adv.

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days

Then let your mirror prove results. Write Today for FREE Trial Offer. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald, for there is a way to destroy the microbe that destroys the hair. This different method will stop thinning out of the hair, lifeless hair, remove dandruff, itching, [illegible] gray hair and threatened or increasing baldness, by strengthening and prolonging life of the hair for men and women. Send your name now before it is too late for the 15 days' free trial offer.

AYMES CO., 3932 N. Robey St., M-31, Chicago

A 20 year guarantee

Order No. F-5911

Free Catalog

Certificate given with this genuine ALPHA 1924 Police Model, .38 Special. Blue steel 6 shot swing cylinder in a heavy frame. A $[illegible] 00 value. Send no money. Just pay postmaster low price plus few cents postage.

$18.75

American Novelty Co., 2455 Archer Av., Chicago

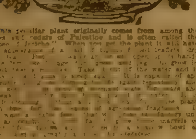
LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00. Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today DR B C SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

PILES CURED OR COSTS NOTHING

To prove this I will send you a regular $1.00 treatment of my famous Kuro home remedy absolutely FREE. If it cures send $1, otherwise you owe nothing. W. R. Darlington, 207 Kuro Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri

Resurrection Plants Free

The Genuine "Rose of Jericho"



This peculiar plant originally comes from among the pines and cedars of Palestine and is often called the "Rose of Jericho." When you get the plant it will have the appearance of a ball of tangled, folded leaflets, dry and [illegible] [illegible]

TWO PLANTS GIVEN FREE

FREE OFFER To introduce our Big monthly family story paper, Home Folks, to new readers we will send two Resurrection Plants free and postpaid to anyone who sends us 25 cents to pay for a one year subscription. Home Folks is full of good [illegible] latest fashions [illegible] entertain [illegible] Send your order today and address

Home Folks, Dept. [illegible] 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Sell Caps!

You'll make more money selling

TAYLOR Made-To-Measure Caps

Call at offices, factories, golf links and garages. Every man a live prospect. "9 out of 10 men will order."

Your customer selects style and fabric —the cap is tailored to his individual measurements. Moderate price to him —good commission paid to you in advance. Write for Sample Outfit and FREE Cap offer today. Act Quick!

TAYLOR CAP MANUFACTURERS

Dept. SB Cincinnati, Ohio

Ring Watch

Be one of the first to wear this tiny ladies' Ring Watch. New shape, cut corners, in engraved white gold case. Full jeweled movement, fully guaranteed. Butler silver center dial, engraved. Jeweled wind and set. Surprise your friends. Order now! Send size.

Free Catalog

Retail Value $25

$13.65

Order No. F-5919

Send No Money! Just pay postman on arrival our low price, plus postage. Your money back if not satisfactory.

AMERICAN NOVELTY CO., 2455 Archer Ave., Chicago

$35 Value

$11.50

32.20 and 38 cal. long, swing out revolver. Finest Elbar Steel. Accurate, hard hitting, smooth action. Hammer safety, inspection plate, hand ejector. Every one brand new and government tested. Few left. Rush your order

Send No Money Pay on arrival bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction insured or money back [illegible]

Price Cutting Co., Dept. 45L. 55 Broadway, New York

SHEIK LURE—New Imported Perfume Sensation

Solid—No Liquid—No Bottle

Just a touch on the skin and the haunting romantic fragrance [illegible] Send No Money. Pay postman [illegible] when package arrives or if you wish, enclose dollar bill with order. [illegible] FREE with first order. Money back if not Delighted. Send post card or letter Now.

Lure Both Sexes

Lure Importers, West 3532 Evanston, Ill.

30 DAYS TRIAL ONLY $1.95

[illegible] STERLING Barber Outfit. CUTS, TRIMS, BOBS. Close Cutting Smooth Action Steel Clippers. Fine Barber Comb and real Steel Barber Shears. SEND NO MONEY. Pay Postman $1.95 and postage. Use 30 Days. If not satisfactory, return in good condition and purchase price will be refunded. STERLING CO. M-3, BALTIMORE, MD.

Beans a Yard Long

This is an excellent variety, as well as being an interesting curiosity. The vines are rampant growers and produce an enormous crop of long, slender, round pods, which are of excellent quality for snap beans. The round pods average from 3 to 4 feet in length, having the thickness of a lead pencil. Produce late in the summer, very productive, tender and of fine flavor.

FREE OFFER

To introduce our big monthly family story paper, Home Folks, to new readers we will send two packets of yard long Bean seed free and postpaid to anyone who sends us 25 cents to pay for a one year subscription. Home Folks is full of good stories, latest fashions, fancywork designs, recipes, household helps and will entertain and interest the entire family. Send your order today and address

HOME FOLKS,

Dept. Y. B. 2. 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

How Boys MAKE MONEY

selling Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger

EACH WEEK

We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

$1.00 to $5.00 per Week

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

Name

St., R. F. D., Box No

[illegible] State

Back Stage.

(Continued From Page 6.)

way. You admit that your husband doesn't love you any longer; doubtless you, too, have lost interest. It's just a case of misfits all around. Wouldn't it be swell if we could square this here thing up? Then, perhaps, you could find some one who would give you romance, too?

ADA: Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps a man who would accept such a proposition might be open to conviction when the next size thirty-six soul hove into view?

MARION: What do you mean; surely, you understand that Ted and I know that we were meant for each other since time began.

ADA: I can't place that last quotation, but, anyway, what I mean to convey is this: Suppose, after you two souls have come to a working agreement—and I have been neatly ditched—some other girl with a better figure than your's should come along. Isn't it barely possible that she might attract the heart, eye, and symmetrical sensibilities of our hero?

MARION: Never, never; Ted couldn't stoop——

ADA: My dear child, he has pains in his back from stooping. Do you think for one moment that you are the first twin soul that has crossed his path? Why, that man never has kept a soul at his typewriter for more than three or four months at a time yet. Even now, I dare say, he's planning to dump you.

MARION (with fairly well-managed hauteur): Madam, I see that your husband was right.

ADA: He always is.

MARION: He has told me of your unappreciative attitude; your cold aloofness, your critical ways and censorious demeanor.

ADA: You owe much to the art title" people.

MARION: Why, he is the gentlest, the most patient; the most thoughtful, the most tolerant——

ADA: Look here, girlie. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps I have some of those virtues? Don't you think it requires a not inconsiderable degree of patience to sit at home, day after day, gradually reading the Carnegie Library dry, while that shifty shiek of mine runs around to all the latest shows with his misfit souls? Don't you think it takes tolerance to put up with the remarks of the neighbors and turn a deaf ear to the innuendoes of my friends, who think I'm a poor stupid fool to put up with the idiot? Can't you imagine that it takes some gentleness on my part to unload his perpetual grouches and listen to his never ending complaints?

MARION: You're trying to queer your husband with me, so's I will throw him over and abandon him to a life of spiritual suffocation. You can't tell me he's impatient, or unthoughtful. I know better; why, I've never had a boss so ——

ADA: Just a minute. Don't get the idea that I'm trying to shoo you off him. I was just telling you those things for your own good. Cutie, if I thought for one minute that I could unload him permanently on you, I'd be tickled to death; but I couldn't—he'd come crawling back. Time and again, I've threatened to leave him; when he sees I'm in earnest he cuts up so, pleads, raises a rumpus—threatens to blow a hole in the vacuity where some men keep their gray matter. Once you've taken on one of the species, it's a hard, dangerous job to work them off on any one else. Especially one of his variety; most modern women know that brand.

MARION: I shall not stay longer to hear you slander that most noble of men. I thought possible we might come to some sensible agreement whereby we could gently and painlessly switch the poor guy. He is not a man that can be hampered by chains of convention. Remember, chains are always chains, tho made of——"

ADA: Never put that last crack on paper or you'll get into legal difficulties with one Eleanor Gl

MARION (interrupting): I've had enough of your insults (bends over, hunts for gum). I shall go, but I warn you, I mean to try and bring happiness into your poor husband's life.

ADA: More power to you. (There is a violent ring at door bell, accompanied almost instantly by terrific pounding.)

MARION (jumps): What's that?

ADA: Your fourteen and a half [illegible] who has forgotten his keys again

MARION: He mustn't see me here

ADA (starts for door, turns, thinks deeply, smiles. Racket at door is now almost deafening): Quick, get into that door there; it's a clothes closet. I'll get you out when he goes upstairs

MARION: Won't he open the door to hang up his things?

ADA: Don't make me laugh. (Both exit; Ada thru door at right, Marion thru one at left. There is a final crash, then curses in a male voice. Ada re-enters behind Ted.)

TED: You idiot! I've been ringing that bell and knocking for over fifteen minutes! Where the d—l have you been? (He is a small man about 40 with dark hair and bushy eyebrows. Is faultlessly dressed in the latest style—for college youths of 20.)

ADA: I was talking

TED: Holy smokes! I stand outside and freeze while she dishes the neighborhood scandal over the telephone.

ADA: Would you mind, dear, if I just got a light meal in a hurry tonight? I was unavoidably delayed in getting supper on——

TED: Unavoidably delayed! How dare you be "unavoidably delayed?" This house is your office; your business is to take care of it and get the meals on time. Do you mean to say that you've been so lazy, so inefficient, that you have deliberately let all of your duties go to h—l? Why, I'd fire any woman who worked for me, for less than that!

ADA: I'm so sorry, dear. If you'll wait I'll get a good warm supper, or if you're in a hurry I can get a tasty cold supper quickly.

TED: Of course I'm in a hurry. I want a warm supper and I want it this minute! (He removes hat, throws it on table, tosses coat over chair, slings paper on divan; manages to give well-ordered room devastated effect.)

ADA: How would it be if we'd eat out tonight; we haven't had a meal at a public eating place together for over two years?

TED (throws self into chair): Well, of all the impudent nerve. As a reward for having laid down on her job she wants me to take her out to supper. Would you like to go to the opera afterward, dear (sarcastically)?

ADA: No, sweetheart, but I would enjoy a movie.

TED (lights cigarette, throws match on floor): Movie—supper out! Ye Gods! What are women coming to? See here, are you infected with this woman's equality stuff, too! Let me tell you something. Woman's place is at home. I slave day and night, down at the office, to provide a home for you, and all you care about is to get away from it as soon and as often as possible. Haven't you any pride in the place? (Shakes ashes from cigarette upon floor.)

ADA: Why, Ted! You know I go nowhere except to the library and a movie now and then. I couldn't go any place else if I wanted to; I've nothing to wear.

TED: There you go. If you had any idea of economy we'd be able to get ahead a little bit; then you could afford some clothes. Instead of being thrifty and saving, you waste your money on motion pictures. Why, you don't deserve the clothes you've got! Do you think I'm going to rush out and buy fur coats for a woman that loafs around the house all day, doing nothing, has no supper ready at night, and then talks about eating out?

ADA: Ted, this is the first time in a year that supper hasn't been ready right on the dot. Many a night I've had it all laid out, waiting, and then had to let half the things go to waste because you forgot to 'phone that you weren't coming home to dinner.

TED: There you go, intimating that I'm sneaking out at night with women.

ADA: Why, I never said——

TED: Makes no difference, I know what you're thinking. If women will make fools of themselves over me I can't help it. It's not my fault that I was born with good looks and winning ways

ADA: Yes, dear— No, I mean

TED: You're trying to throw up to me again—about that stenographer

ADA: Which?

TED: I won't have you insinuating

ADA: I humbly beg your pardon. If you'll remember there were several "stenographers;" I was merely trying to ascertain which particular episode I had thrown up to you.

TED: Suppose there were several, what of it?

ADA: Nothing—did I say——

TED: Don't I have to kid the silly little fools along? How would I ever get any work out of them if I didn't? All women are alike, fools, plain idiots, just like yourself. Got to make love to them—sit around and mush at them, or they won't do anything at any price. If I had my way about it these reformers that are trying to tell women that they're equal to men would all be hanged and we'd get a new gang to tell the critters where their place is and keep then in it

ADA: Yes dear.

TED: Are you going to stand there arguing and throwning every d—n little thing you can think of, up to me. Isn't my supper ready yet?

(Door at left is thrown violently open.)

MARION (looking at Ada): If you don't crown that weazel, I will!

TED (in saccharine tones): Why, Miss Rawlins, what are you doing——

MARION (walks squarely up to him): Say, you miserable hound; what the d—l do you mean by telling me that your wife—why your wife is the gentlest, the most patient, the most thoughtful, the most tolerant—(she places hand squarely over his face and pushes with the result that he lands supinely in chair).

TED (spluttering): Why, why, why——

MARION (extremely loud): Shut up—YOU.

ADA: Miss Rawlins, I shouldn't have taken you behind the scenes in this manner Really, you mustn't think that men —that all married life is—of course there are lots of "gentle, patient, thoughtful, tolerant" men that would make wonderful husbands; at least, I suppose there must be, you often see them—in the movies

(Curtain.)

* * *

A King's Reform.

ONE day the Wolf went to the King, and after making deep reverence, he said

"There is something very wrong in your domains"

"Why, I thought everything was all right," replied the King.

"There is something that is far from right, and I have come to tell you so," continued the Wolf.

"And what may that be?"

"Why, it's the way the sheep act. It has come to the point where no Wolf can get a sheep. We want to be friendly with them but they will not have it so. There should be a reform in this direction. Excuse the brass in my cheek, but you should order the sheep to be friendly with the wolves."

"I see the point," said the King, with a twinkle in his eye, "and I will at once set about a reformation. I wish my attention had been called to the subject at an earlier day."

In a day or two, the King issued an order that one thousand sheep should assemble at a certain place, on a certain date, to meet and become friendly with one thousand wolves. The wolves went about, licking their chops and congratulating each other. Wool was going to be plenty and mutton chops would go down to 10 cents a pound.

On the day appointed, the thousand wolves made haste to be at the rendezvous, but what was their surprise and chagrin at finding all the sheep surrounded by soldiers, and a line drawn which they could not cross. The King was there with a smile on his face and he was asked:

"How is this, O King, that you bring your soldiers here? Have you no faith in the wolves?"

"Plenty of faith," replied the King. "I was certain enough that the wolves would behave themselves, but I wasn't so sure of the sheep. I feared they might forget who they were and slaughter the whole of you.

Moral: Reforms are dangerous things and should be carefully handled

* * *

A Dog's Life.

"Ah, madame," said the French maid, "leetle Fido weel not eat ze caramels."

"The dear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery. "There must be something wrong with those caramels, Celeste; give them to the children!"

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today—you even do not pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 837B
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . . .

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE Trial!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

TAKES AND MAKES Finished Pictures Instantly

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect finished post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5½ inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 60 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography. Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't over-develop; results simply amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you may, and pay only 50c per week until our special price of only $5.00 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of any kind. Weekly payments so small you'll not notice them. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

—The Chicago Ferrotype Co.—
2309 W. Erie St., Desk [illegible], Chicago, Ill.
Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you 50c a week until your special price of $5.00 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.
Name. ....
St. and No. ....
Town .... State. ....

70 % PROFIT

Add to your profit with a Kingery POP CORN POPPER OR PEANUT ROASTER

Every man, woman and child likes peanuts and pop corn. Dimes and nickels pile up fast. Small down payment; easy terms. Write today for FREE BOOK

KINGERY MFG. CO.
[illegible] E. Pearl St., Dept. [illegible]
Cincinnati

$15.45 $35 Value!

38 Cal. 32.20

[illegible] jewel of smooth [illegible] swing out cylinder [illegible] The same gun [illegible] used by the secret police there.

POWERFUL ACCURATE DEPENDABLE

SEND NO MONEY Order now and pay postman on arrival our special low price $15.45 plus postage.

CUT PRICE SALES CO., Dept. 256, 120 Liberty St., New York

J. M. Miller, Ohio druggist, experimented on himself and [illegible] the home treatment known as

ADDILINE

Anyone with COUGHS, BRONCHITIS or COLDS may use under plain directions. Send name and address to

Addiline, 543 Arcade, Columbus, Ohio

J. M. MILLER 80 POUNDS

J. M. MILLER Latest Photo

Get This EASTMAN Camera FREE

This excellent up-to-date camera is well made with black imitation seal grain and nickel-plated trimmings, has automatic shutter for either time or snap-shot exposures and universal focus, view [illegible]. It weighs 11 ounces, takes a picture 2¼x3¼ inches. Uses [illegible] Film Pack. Book of instructions comes with the camera, so the most inexperienced may take excellent pictures of landscapes, buildings, or [illegible] a delightful all year pastime.

SEND NO MONEY—Write for 8 lovely colored pictures to dispose of on a liberal 50c combination offer. Send the $4.00 you collect and the famous Eastman Hawkeye Camera will be sent to you promptly with all charges fully [illegible]

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Dept. K 30, Chicago, Ill.

The Castle Mystery

By David Raffelock

LILLIAN GODDARD was impatient while the motor car pushed its way thru the heavy snow that had fallen the day before, climbing the last hill before reaching her home. Already from behind the tall pine and spruce trees the tower of the building, erected in the fashion of an ancient British castle, could be seen, its mullioned windows playing with the rays of the early sun.

The car was now turning into the private roadway, leading alongside of the castle and Lillian noticed three men standing by a black heap on the snow, some yards from the building. The blood rushed from her face and she trembled; the cause of her fear was assuming material form.

She ordered the driver to stop by the house, directly behind another automobile which she noticed belonged to the police department. Unmindful of the four feet of snow she hurried along a little trail to the men. They made way for her, but prevented her from falling down to embrace the body at their feet, as she cried, "Father!"

She stood very silent then, a drooping figure momentarily bent and aged; in her sudden sorrow almost impersonally studying the expression of pain that twisted the waxen features of her father's face. He was dressed as she had last seen him, wearing an afternoon frock coat, gray striped trousers, hatless. Then with an effort she aroused herself from her sorrow-frozen mood and stood straight and firm as a pine tree. When she spoke her voice was harsh from the effort to keep out the misery.

"Who has done this?" she demanded, and found further speech impossible.

The three men, Coroner Hughes, Chief of Police Swanson, and his assistant, Burroughs, tho used to the sight of crime and its attendant tragedy, were silent before the cold sorrow of this beautiful young woman, and their eyes avoided her insistent gaze. The coroner, a short man with kindly mouth and eyes filled with ready sympathy, gulped, looked at the others, and finally stammered:

"We—don't know—yet, Miss."

"You must know something of how he was killed."

Then she read in the men's expressions that they were unwilling to tell sordid details to a woman. Her hands hardened into fists and her eyes and voice became steady and determined.

"I'm not going to cry or faint, or anything like that," she told them. "I must know, for perhaps I can in some way help you to find the murderer."

The chief met her gaze, and admiration filled his eyes. "We know very little so far, Miss. We just arrived a few minutes before you. Your father's body was found face down here, I should judge about thirty-five feet from your house. The coroner says he's been dead no longer than eighteen hours, which means after the snow stopped. How he got here, or was brought here, we can't guess, for there were no footprints or marks of any kind in the soft snow!"

Lillian dazedly looked around the place where they stood. As far as she could see the virgin smoothness of the snow this side of the roadway was not violated other than by a few tracks and the small path by which they had approached the body. She swayed as if she would fall, but she steadied herself.

"Why, it's impossible. My father was near the house when I last saw him yesterday afternoon. There must be some explanation of how he got here," she insisted.

The chief spoke again. "Well, we thought he might have been dropped from an airplane, but then he would have fallen clear to the bottom of the snow. He might have fallen from a tree, but there ain't any near this place. We found one footstep on that small bowlder near his feet. Looked as if he might 've stood there and fell off."

"How—how was my father—killed?"

The chief looked at the coroner, and the latter said: "Marks on his neck show he was strangled, choked to death by somebody. The fingerprints are very deep, and from the condition of Mr. Hamilton's clothes, I reckon he put up a fight. An' it all seems to have taken place right here!" The coroner scratched his head.

"But that's impossible," the chief argued, to satisfy himself, it seemed, "for if he was here before the snow he'd be covered, and if afterwards, he'd 've made footprints."

There was nothing more to be done at the scene of the crime, so they followed the trail in the snow, single file, back to the castle. Lillian and the men noticed carefully every detail between the house and the body. The space was virtually clear, as it was used for a garden in the summer. The sun had already begun to melt the snow from the trees near the house, where at the foot of the pines was a child's playhouse, long disused since Lillian had grown to womanhood. The old see-saw, the long rope swing and the sand-pile, were still there. The chief gave one glance backward as they reached the road alongside of the castle, then followed the others up the stairs to the front porch.

Lillian knocked.

"Any servants home?" asked the chief.

"No one except Stuart Vyth, father's man. He's been with us twenty-five years, ever since I was born. He's the only one father brought with us from our Eastern home from where we came just two days ago."

No one responded to Lillian's knocking, so she tried the door and found it open. She led the way as they passed thru the great hall, the music room, library, and dining-room, but no one was there. As they approached the kitchen they heard a voice, almost inaudible, calling "Help, help!"

The chief drew his revolver and shoved open the door; the others followed behind him.

Strapped to a chair so that he could not move his arms or body, was an old man, drooping as if he would fall, had he not been held in position by the ropes.

Lillian ran to him and shook him. "Stuart, Stuart, what has happened?" she cried. The detective untied the man, as the coroner held him to prevent him from falling.

Vyth said nothing, but gazed in wonder at his rescuers. He was a strange-looking man with a great mass of unkempt white hair, some of which fell over his forehead, touching his large eyebrows. He was clean shaven, but his face was deeply ridged by wrinkles. The blood had congealed on a fresh cut just below his right eye.

Lillian began to ask him another question, but Vyth ignored her, and turning to the coroner, asked:

"Where is Mr. Hamilton?"

The physician did not answer, but looked at the chief. The detective found Vyth's eyes and held his gaze. "Don't you know where he is?" The valet's faded gray ones did not flinch and the detective was apparently satisfied. "He was murdered."

For a moment the valet stiffened and he sat immovable, still gazing at the chief. Then it seemed that the news had unnerved him and his head drooped and his body lost its rigor. He looked piteously from one face to another. "No, no, no," he kept saying. "It cannot be true. My master." Then his voice became firm with anger, and he looked defiantly at the chief. "I served him for twenty-five years, sir. I was more like a relative or a trusted friend, sir, than a servant. The murderer shall be punished for this."

Suddenly Lillian remembered a fact that apparently the others had for the time forgotten, and she asked, "Who tied you here, Stuart?"

The man's expression underwent an immediate change which so animated him that it was surprising in one now past 60. He clinched his hands and he leaned forward so that he almost touched Lillian; on his lips formed a sneer.

"I was tied here—" he paused to look at each one, and his voice was hard with passion—"by Arthur Goddard, the man my master forebade to come to his home. The man who eloped with Miss Lillian against her father's wishes. And the man"—again a brief pause—"I accuse of the murder of Mr. Hamilton!"

"Stuart, what are you saying?" cried Lillian. "There is no reason for you to make such an accusation. Have you gone mad?"

She sought the faces of the men, hoping to find them laughing at the idea, but they were serious: the chief's impassive and cold, more unrelenting to her than the bitterness outdoors.

FOR the time her grief caused by her father's death was forgotten. She could not think clearly in the face of this accusation. Suddenly it seemed to her that she must protest the innocence of her husband. She must convince these men by the sheer determination of her belief in him that he was not guilty. She turned away from the valet and faced the headquarters' men. "Arthur couldn't have done that. He was with me all of the time. I tell you Stuart is mad. He has been acting queerly for some time; my father warned me. He doesn't know what he is saying, I tell you. You believe me, don't you?"

"Is it true that you were just married?" the chief asked in hard professional tones.

"Yes—it—is," she replied, falteringly. "We were married yesterday at Golden."

"Why did you come back here?"

"I felt uneasy for some reason, a—a sort of premonition that my father was not well. We returned to Colorado Springs this morning and I came right out here."

"Hm! Did your father oppose your marriage to Goddard?"

"I—I won't answer anything that will incriminate him," she cried.

Lillian was hysterical. Already in her mind she had constructed the case they would build against her husband. She knew that Arthur had quarreled with her father the day before, that he had sworn he would marry her whatever obstacle might confront him. She recalled now that for perhaps half an hour she had been alone after Arthur had come for her. There were some things she had wanted to take. She had thought that her father was with another man, but now every detail of that time stood out with crystalline clearness. She did remember that she had heard scuffling downstairs. Was it Arthur and her father? Or perhaps it was Arthur strapping Stuart to the chair? What had he been doing during her absence? She remembered he had seemed nervous when she rejoined him; yes, and he had been panting, too, as if he had been struggling with some one.

The condition of her father's body indicated that he had struggled, she recalled that the chief had told her. Her father was a strong man; Arthur was formerly a football star; Stuart was a weak old man; the visitor with whom her father had been looked powerful. She fought for control of herself and strove to banish the terrifying thoughts that would come.

Lillian became aware that the chief was talking to Vyth, apparently having decided not to force her to speak now.

"I knew that Mr. Hamilton did not want them to go away, sir," Stuart was saying, "so I tried to prevent it. I was just going to look for my master to tell him of the planned elopment when this young Goddard came downstairs. He looked nervous, shaking like a leaf in a gale, sir, he was. I reckon he guessed what I was set on doing, for he walked right up to me and said, 'You're to stay right here and say nothing.' I wasn't to be bluffed out of doing my duty, sir, so I told him I was going to inform Mr. Hamilton that he was in the house. That seemed to scare him and he went pale—white like a ghost, sir. I started to walk out of the room, and he said nothing—nothing at all, sir; but just came at me with his fingers reaching out for me like claws.

"I'm a weak old man, sir, but I've done my duty for Mr. Hamilton for twenty-five years and I wasn't going to hesitate now. I went right after him—like David for Goliath, it was, sir—and that is how I got this cut on my cheek. It wasn't no go for he grabbed me in his arms, like as if I was a baby, and stapped me to this chair. Left me here to die, sir. For how was I to get anything to eat or keep me warm, and who was there to help me? I'm an old, old man."

Mentally, Lillian fought the statements the man made, but she found she could not satisfactorily combat them. Everything Stuart had said was possible. That is, circumstantially possible if one did not know Arthur Goddard; and how could she ever make unsypathetic police officials, who thought only of fastening

INVENTS EASY WAY TO PLAY PIANO IN 30 MINUTES

Remarkable New Noteless Method Enables Anyone to Sit Right Down and Play New Popular Pieces or Old Time Favorites.

Now, anyone can, without any previous knowledge of music, sit right down to the piano and play in full harmony, a new popular piece or old time favorite in less than thirty minutes. With the remarkable Simplex Method not the slightest knowledge of note music is required and tiresome exercises may be thrown away. Each note is instantaneously located without notes, keys, symbols or any other round about method. It is amazingly easy, fascinating and the entire course is cheaper than one piano lesson by a personal teacher. One person said of Simplex, "I played my first piece on the piano in less than ½ hour." A school boy says "In four days I have learned more about piano playing than I did taking ordinary piano lessons a year."

So confident are the publishers of this amazing new method that you can sit right down and play the piano, play the old tunes and latest popular 1922-24 dances and song hits without drudgery of old time methods that they offer to send for introductory purposes the regular $5 Simplex Course for only $1.98. You can try it at the publisher's risk and if you are not amazed and delighted your money will be refunded in full. Send for yours today and ask the folks to step in the other room while you sit down and play the piano from Simplex. Be the first to surprise and delight your friends and family. Send no money. Just your name and address to R. S. Page, Room 906, 538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and the entire Simplex Course will be mailed at once. When it arrives pay the postman only $1.98 and a few cents postage on the guarantee that if not absolutely satisfied you may return it in five days and purchase price will be returned without question. Write today.—Adv

LEG SORES

The Baylee Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 492, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

Personal Stationery
200 SHEETS and 100 ENVELOPES $1.00
Printed With Your Name and Address
Clear, white bond paper, with envelopes to match. Your name and address printed in beautiful, rich blue ink, on both paper and envelopes, and sent to you postpaid, for only $1.00. (West of Denver and outside of U. S. $1.10.) If inconvenient to send the money we will ship C. O. D. Write name and address plainly.
Money returned if you are not more than satisfied. Order today!
ELITE STATIONERY CO.,
5026 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ONLY $14.75
1924 MODEL Side Swing Cylinder Revolver made of Bilbao blue steel. Send for this accurate dependable and powerful gun, with inspection plate and automatic hammer safety.
$2.20 or 38 Cal. 6 Shots
Free Catalog
SEND NO MONEY
Pay postman on arrival $14.75 plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
NEW YORK IMPORTERS CO.
Dept. M170, 200 Broadway, New York City

Change Your Luck!
Send quick! Genuine MAGNUS RING, reminiscent of weird Egyptian arm against ill fortune and evil. SOLID Gold and Silver with Trinity Imported Lucky Gems, also BIG BOOK of Egyptian Secrets, forbidden knowledge, Formulas, etc. - all for only $3.25 and postage. Pay when delivered. Money Back Guarantee. Beware of the many imitations.
MAGNUS, B.W. Station N, Box 55, New York

Wrestling Book FREE
Learn scientific wrestling, self defense, Jiu Jitsu at home by mail. Be a great athlete. Have a physique that all admire. Wonderful lessons by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. 100,000 graduates, success guaranteed. Your one big opportunity. Write today for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns School, A353 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

SELL Our wool Suits and Overcoats, $28.50. Spare time workers are making $50 a week with our special miniature line.
Style-Center Tailoring Co., 401 Anderson Bldg., Cincinnati, O. Write us now!

Pay for a Used AUTOMOBILE ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN
at the rate of $10 monthly or more if you wish. All cars are overhauled and repainted. Enclose 10c for special Bargain Bulletin and explanation.
EUREKA AUTO COMPANY, BEAVERTOWN, PA.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS
Easy Payments--Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Artificial Leg. GOOD PAY. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 252-B Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves, any season, if you bait with Magic Fish Lure.
Best Fish Bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. A $1 BOX FREE to introduce my new fish and animal traps. Write me today.
J. F. Gregory, D-128, Lebanon, Mo.

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—overcomes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 537 Lyman St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS

LOOK! Baby CHICKS! $9 a 100 and up.
Free FEED with order POSTAGE PAID.
Live arrival guaranteed. 300 EGG STOCK. Quality supreme. CATALOG FREE.
Nabob Hatcheries, Ave. 12, Gambier, Ohio.
Member Int. Baby Chick Ass'n.

CHIX Purebred. All kinds. No culls. Quick service. Catalog Free.
Colonial Poultry Farms
Box W.B., Windsor, Mo.
6½c UP

CINNAMON VINES FREE

CINNAMON VINE

This beautiful climber possesses the rare quality of emitting from its flowers the delightful odor of cinnamon; it is appropriately called the Cinnamon Vine. Perfectly hardy, the stem dying down every autumn, but growing again so rapidly as to completely cover trellis or arbor very early in the season. The beautiful heart shaped leaves and clusters of deliciously scented delicate white flowers make it the most desirable and easiest grown of all climbers. Grows in shade or sun, wet or dry. No insects ever trouble, no winter harms. Can be planted any time. Will grow a lifetime. Get some roots in the ground this month and watch the wonderful growth.

FREE OFFER To introduce our big monthly family story paper, Home Folks, to new readers we will send four Cinnamon Vine Roots free and postpaid to anyone who sends us 25 cents to pay for a one year subscription. Home Folks is full of good stories, latest fashions, fancywork designs, recipes, household helps and will entertain and interest the entire family. Send your order today and address
HOME FOLKS,
Dept. C. V. B., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

REMARKABLE RECOVERY OF MRS. SPINK

Gives Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Full Credit

Minn. Junc., Wis.—"I was under treatment, but nothing seemed to help me, and I was run-down and so weak that I had to remain in bed much of the time and was like an invalid. I had pains in my abdomen and in the female organs, and my stomach bothered me. My husband saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, thought it must be good, and brought it home to me and advised me to try it. After taking one bottle I was able to eat, and after six bottles I was doing my own work, which I hadn't been able to do for years. I have a new baby who is doing nicely, and I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and feeling better than I have for four years. The medicine is surely wonderful and a good thing to have in the house."—Mrs. GEORGE SPINK, Minnesota Junction, Wisconsin.

A country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound reports 98 per cent. benefited. For sale by druggists everywhere.

BUY THE **BEST** SAVE MONEY

1924 Model

6 Shot Side Swing HAND EJECTOR Reduced to $11.45

Cal. 32, 32-20 or 38

Great opportunity to buy NOW one of the finest guns sold anywhere at this unheard of LOW price. Made of best forged steel or nickel, accurate, hard hitting, equipped with automatic hammer safety. Guaranteed brand NEW. Rush your order, quantity is limited. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman on delivery. Satisfaction or money back.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SUPPLY CO., Dept. S-142
64 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING

Change Your Luck

The famous Kosmos Lucky Ring is a thing of beauty; it's odd, it's attractive. Made of solid Gold and Silver, set with Sparkling Garnet. It's the symbol of good luck in business, love or anything. Send your ring measure (strip of paper around finger) and we will send you this wonderful Ring. When it comes pay this special price of $3.97. Wear it seven days and follow the seven rules which come with it. If not fully satisfied, your money back. Be in luck—order now!

KOSMOS CO., Dept. 102, 2115 Warner Avenue, Chicago

Beautiful Ladies' $4.99

Latest Wrist Watch, [illegible] High Grade Gold filled stamped [illegible] Guaranteed by the Factory [illegible] years. 6-jewel. Perfect time keeper. Greatest Bargain. Order today. Pay on arrival $4.99. No more. UNITED STATES SUPPLY CO.
526 N. Kimball Ave., Dept. FA17, CHICAGO, Ill.

BIG MAGAZINE BARGAIN

Good Reading for Everyone

American Needlewoman
Illustrated Companion
Home Friend
Farm and Home
Home Folks
Saturday Blade
Chicago Ledger

ALL for $3.00

You get these 7 big Magazines all for 1 year each for only $3.00. Regular price if ordered separately would be $4.85. This offer saves you $1.85. ACT QUICKLY. Offer good for 30 days only.

All Seven Only $3.00 ORDER TODAY

Send orders to

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
Subscription Service Dept. 2
500 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

a crime onto some one, understand that her husband could never be guilty of such cold-blooded, fierce cruelty?

"Where is your husband now?" asked the chief. Already, she thought, he was condemning Arthur; was planning his arrest. At first, she thought of lying, of denying that she knew where he was, but that would only make matters worse. Bravely she conquered her instinct to protect what was hers and dear to her no matter how fruitless was that protection.

"He is staying at the Antlers Hotel," she told him defiantly.

"Why did you come out here alone? Did your husband insist on coming, too?"

Now she remembered that Arthur had very willingly let her come alone. But why shouldn't he? How could they ever hope for a reconciliation if they antagonized her father with their affrontry so soon? Any one should be reasonable enough to understand that.

"Why, he wanted to come with me, of course, but I insisted upon going alone. I hired a taxi, intending to return as soon as I found my father was all right. I was worried about him." She almost wished she could cry, but her sorrow and fear were too deep for tears.

The chief turned to the coroner. "Doc, you and Burroughs here," he pointed to his assistant, "bring in the body. And you, Vyth, make a place for it. I'll search the house."

Lillian accompanied the detective from room to room and plied him with questions and pleadings.

"Don't you see that Mr. Goddard could never have done this?" she urged. "He was with me almost all of the time. How could he have—have killed a man, tied another to a chair, struggling with both, all in twenty minutes? And do you think a man would get married right after that?"

They were in the great drawing-room now, and the chief was making a careful search. Then Lillian remembered that Arthur had left a note for her father on the large table in the center of the room. She surreptitiously searched the table with her eyes, but the letter was gone. In some way this reassured her, but she said nothing to the detective.

As they left the room, she resumed her questioning. "Mr. Goddard is not a magician. How do you suppose he could have carried my father thru four feet of snow, walked back, and never leave a single footprint? He has never been up in an airplane, and surely you don't think he could have gone up in one in the brief time he had. You've got to explain these mysteries before you can arrest my husband."

They had gone thru the entire house by now, and were returning to an upstairs room where the body had been placed.

"Whom do you suspect?" she trepidly asked.

"I got to admit it looks bad for your husband, Mrs. Goddard. Still there's lots to explain yet. By the way, who was this other man you spoke of?"

Lillian felt that he was a clew, and suddenly the chain of circumstantial evidence seemed to fasten about this man. She felt more relieved than she had since the first grewsome evidence of her premonition. She asked the chief to sit down with her, choosing a Chippendale sofa.

"He first asked my father for a large cash contribution when we were in our home on the Hudson," she began. "My father was a great lover of tobacco, and he refused to support the organization this man claimed to represent. The man began to dislike my father, I believe, for he seemed to turn up to bother him for a donation wherever we went.

"He came again yesterday afternoon tho my father had threatened to throw him out if he ever came again. I don't know what happened, for at this time I was expecting Mr. Goddard. The last I saw of him was when he and my father were walking on the drive alongside of the house."

"Did your father appear angry?"

"No. I remember it seemed very strange, for my father had begun to dislike the man a great deal; yet I could hear both of them laughing. I was afraid for some reason and this same fear haunted me. That is why I insisted upon coming back to find out how my father was."

"What's this man's name?"

"Mr. Haroldson—Varner, I believe in his first name."

Then to Lillian came a great loathing and she felt ashamed of herself. She realized she had constructed a case of circumstantial guilt against this man, even as the detective had against her husband. After all, there was little reason for condemning Haroldson to suspicion. Had not her father's actions indicated that the two had become friends? How could he have carried the body of her father thirty-five feet from the house without leavin any mark in the snow? She remembered that it had been snowing a little then, but not enough to cover a series of footprints. . . . . Oh, it was all beyond her; but of one thing she was certain, Arthur could not be guilty.

The detective and Lillian went upstairs, and met the others coming down.

"We've fixed the body," said the coroner, "and if you'll tell me who you want, I'll phone the undertaker, Mrs. Goddard."

Lillian made arrangements with the coroner, and then decided not to remain in the gloomy castle, but to go back to Colorado Springs with the men. She would send some one out immediately from the city to look after the house.

The chief spoke to Vyth. "Doc says you need a little attention, so we'll take you to a hospital. You'll have to be handy as a material witness, anyway."

Lillian said she would pay all expenses necessary to care for her father's old valet. She rode alone in the taxi which was still waiting for her; close behind came the automobile from police headquarters.

When, half an hour later she arrived at The Antlers Hotel, the other car stopped, too, and from it stepped the chief. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to arrest him. No doubt he can arrange for bail."

ARTHUR GODDARD had not been able to arrange for a bond and was now spending his second day in the city jail, awaiting trial, the date of which had not yet been set.

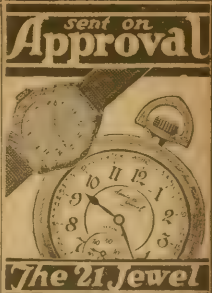
Lillian's faith in him was as strong as hope itself, even in the face of damaging admissions which her husband had made. He did not deny Vyth's charge that he had tied him to the chair in the kitchen; but his reason did not tally with the valet's. Vyth, he maintained, had turned on him for no accountable reason, and threatened to kill him. He could see the insane, unreasoning fury in the man's eyes, and knew the danger was real. When Vyth attacked him, he was loath to injure him in any way, and the only thing he could do to prevent violence was to fasten him to a chair. This he was able to accomplish without a great deal of difficulty, for the old man seemed already spent from exertion. He told the police he had then left a note for Mr. Hamilton, telling him of the elopement and requesting him to untie the man in the kitchen.

The note had not been found by the men assigned to the case, Lillian knew; and she was aware of the fact that her husband's story was not given much credence. The newspapers, too, had hinted that the story told by the accused man was unsubstantial, more like the invention of a trapped man. But under severe grilling he had not changed a single statement nor once contradicted himself.

Lillian believed he was telling the truth tho she was not convinced that Vyth had become mad. She remembered that her father had once intimated that Stuart's mentality was apparently weakening, but she had not considered that this held any special significance. Lillian corroborated her husband's statement of the note, but as she could not truthfully substantiate all else he had said, her meager assistance proved of little value.

Varner Haroldson seemed to have completely disappeared following the murder, and the police could find no trace of him; but the public, which had become interested in the case, found little interest in this other man, Lillian learned from newspaper accounts and bits of conversation she overheard. Circumstantial facts pointed too clearly to Arthur Goddard as the guilty man, and as those interested were for the time metamorphosed into amateur detectives, they found the clews incriminated the young husband.

However, Lillian Goddard would not accept the opinions of any one in this time of sorrow and fear, nor was she content to wait until the wheels of justice ground out a verdict for or against her husband. Surely, she reasoned, one who believed firmly enough in a man's



Look Santa Fe Special

21 [illegible] Jewels
Adjusted to Positions
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to the Second
25-Year Gold Strata Case

We will send this famous watch [illegible] to admire, to approve [illegible] payment. Examine the watch and be convinced it's the best watch buy you ever saw. Just a small payment down [illegible] easy MONTHLY payments. You [illegible] while paying for it.

Save ⅓ to ½ of Your Money

By purchasing this Famous Santa Fe Special Watch. Not only are you saving money from the present day prices of watches, but you can still secure the "Santa Fe Special" Watch at the same low prices and terms that have made our watches famous.

Ladies' Wrist Watch

This Artistic dependable Ladies' Wrist Watch fitted with [illegible] Watch sent on approval and sold on payments.

Send for Free Watch Book

Clip the coupon, fill out and receive the FREE WATCH BOOK. All the newest watch case designs in white or green gold, fancy shapes and thin models are shown. Read our easy payment offer. Wear the watch 30 days FREE. Watch sent for your examination and approval without a penny down. Nothing to [illegible] before you buy. Write for FREE Book Today and Select Your Watch—Mail Coupon.

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
633 Thomas Building, TOPEKA, KAN.
The Home of the Great Santa Fe Railway

Santa Fe Watch Co., 633 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Please send prepaid and without obligation your Watch Book Free, explaining your "No Money Down" Offer on the Santa Fe Special Watch.

Name

Address

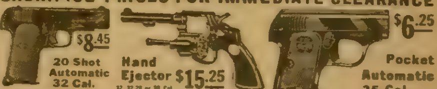
Get Rid of Your FAT

Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day, without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk W

SACRIFICE PRICES FOR IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE



$8.45 20 Shot Automatic 32 Cal.

Hand Ejector $15.25 32, 32.20 or 38 Cal.

$6.25 Pocket Automatic 25 Cal.

Send Cash, Money Order or Certified check or if you prefer SEND NO MONEY. We ship C. O. D.
WATTS TRADING CO., 11 WARREN STREET. DEPT. 15. NEW YORK

Genuine Phonograph FREE

Plays the Standard 10-Inch Records

Victor, Columbia, [illegible] Okeh. [illegible] Many happy hours are in store for you [illegible] durable spring motor in [illegible] case, compact, light, easy to carry.

Take It With You
Camping,
Picnics,
Boating, Motoring, Etc.

It will add zest and life to your outings. A soothing barcarolle in the stillness of the woodlands, a hilarious band piece, a thrilling violin virtuoso, a lively dance number that will make your toes tingle—whatever suits your fancy can be yours.

Send no money—just your name and address and we will send you 8 beautifully [illegible] Today.

Phonograph Dept. P. 2, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

innocence, who possessed a fair amount, at least, of common sense, and who was otherwise [illegible] as to facts, could establish the innocence of that person—she [illegible] guilty.

[illegible] after her husband's incarceration, and the day following her father's funeral (the body had been brought to Colorado Springs for burial), she went to the mountain castle alone to see if she could find that which others had overlooked to establish Arthur's innocence.

Not enough would it be to free him by circumstantial proof; she must help find the guilty person, for the stigma would not be removed from Arthur merely by his gaining freedom from jail. She hired a car, her father had brought none with them from the East, and drove it herself, for she desired to be entirely alone. The snow had now completely melted and the ground had again hardened under the glare of the Colorado sun, so she found no difficulty in driving speedily to her home.

She was riding in the sedan, gazing straight thru the windshield, lost in thought. So it was that she did not at first notice a man hurry from the front door of the castle. Immediately she saw him she brought the car to a grinding stop, and leaping from her seat she called after the man who was now running at full speed; but he did not stop. As he made his way thru the mountain bushes and pine trees she knew it was futile to try to follow him. The man, she was sure, was Varner Haroldson.

Why had he run from her? What was he doing at her home, risking to go there even at the time the police were searching for him? Her answer was that he had come for some incriminating evidence against himself. Had he got it?

She drove her motor car along the driveway and this time stopped at the side of the castle. No one was there for after the removal of her father's body the house had been closed and deserted. For a moment she shuddered at the thought of entering the grim, lonely, silent stone structure, isolated on the mountainside and as foreboding as its mediaeval pattern. But recalling that it was for Arthur's freedom and their happiness she was venturing, she boldly walked up the steps and approached the front door.

Every door and window had been locked under Lillian's personal direction, and she had taken all of the keys. Yet now as she tried the door it opened easily, her key having failed to turn the lock either way. Then she realized that it had been forced, undoubtedly by Varner Haroldson. Had he come from within the castle, or had she frightened him away before he had a chance to go in?

As soon as she entered the spacious hall, silent and mysterious as a tomb, she barricaded the front door by shoving a heavy couch against it; Haroldson might return. Her inspection was brief, tho thoro, until she reached the drawing-room. It was furnished with the massive walnut benches, chairs and other pieces of the Jacobean period.

With indefatigable patience she studied every piece of furniture in the room, including the heavy polychrome iron candelabra and the tapestries. A large table of a later period earned her most careful scrutiny, for it was on it she had seen her husband place the note. Had her father received it he would certainly have released Stuart at once. The note was not found on his body, nor was it among his possessions, therefore, it must have been taken or destroyed by some one else, she reasoned.

On the side of the table facing the fireplace, Lillian observed several small dents. The table was highly polished, incongruous in this room of worm-eaten antiques, but it had been a favorite of her father's and he had insisted upon its being placed there. The dents were recently made, she was certain. On the table's surface she discovered two smaller dents, sharper than the others.

Now she examined the fireplace and the rusty iron scrolls on either side. Then she saw something that won a gasp of astonishment from her; on one side she discovered a dull red blot, almost indistinguishable from the rust. Already her intuition which defied the more orderly and logical deductions of masculine minds, was forming a theory which thrilled her. Her search of the sooty gratings was now accompanied almost by the certainty of finding that for which she looked.

She remembered that a single log had been burning at the time she left the day of her marriage. Now the log was burned to crumbling charcoal, but at a far corner of the grate lay a square piece of black, clearly a heavy envelope that had been burned. Lillian knew that this was the note left for her father by Arthur. Some one had read its message, and for some reason destroyed it. Of course, it was plausible that her father, enraged at its information of her elopement, had thrown it into the fire and forgotten about the request to free Stuart. But Lillian did not believe her father had seen the letter. Had Haroldson come to destroy it? She could not see how the note could affect him.

Her inspection of the rooms upstairs brought one result. In a small secretary which her father had but occasionally used, she found a letter addressed to him from Haroldson. It was written in a bantering tone, but yet with intense seriousness, Lillian thought. The letter threatened Mr. Hamilton's life if he persisted in refusing him a donation.

She had reserved her father's room for the last, and it was with trepidation and sorrow that she now entered it. The room was plainly furnished, for Mr. Hamilton had been a man of simple tastes, preferring the austere dignity of simplicity to the usual elaborateness that finds favor with the rich. Every piece of furniture, every rug, and each article on highboy and reading table had its certain place, for the philanthropist had been a most methodical man. Lillian knew accurately where each piece should be. Whether or not everything was placed as now when she had accompanied the chief thru the house on the day of the crime, she was not positive, but she was sure that nothing had been moved in her presence. And this meant that some one had been in her father's room alone some time after his death, for the positions of several articles on the highboy and table had been changed. Otherwise all was as usual.

Disconcerted, overcome for a moment with poignant sorrow by the remembrances awakened by her father's room, she drew a chair to the large window facing the garden, near where Mr. Hamilton's body had been found. [illegible] pensively at the criss-crossed sun blazing from behind many pine trees. This building had been her home when she was a very small girl—before they had gone East—and it had been her haven of happiness. Her sorrow gave way to memories as the snow melts before the heat of the sun; and she pictured herself romping in the big garden—all of the trees had not been cut down then. She remembered her sorrow at watching the rigid wood giants crash to the ground as the woodmen's steady whacking ceased.

The trees were gone, not even the stumps were left; she was grown to womanhood, but still the playground of her youth remained; the sand-pile, the long rope swing, the see-saw. . . .

In her reveries Lillian startlingly found another clew, and she jumped from her chair and searched for the window pole to lower the window from the top; but she could not find it.

Then for some reason for which she could not account, the window pole took on a great significance to her. The overheated room caused by the sun blazing directly into it had warmed her cheeks to an unnatural degree and her head felt hot and feverish. Where could the pole be? Her father had always kept it in place; some one had removed it. Coroner, police, Stuart, Arthur, Haroldson. . . . Names and faces rushed thru her brain until she became dizzy. Hardly knowing what she was doing, she looked under the bed, in drawers, on the table, everywhere, for the missing pole.

"I've got to get out of here," she cried aloud to herself. "I'll be imagining wild things pretty soon."

However, her cheeks were still flushed and her eyes glowed; she beat a closed hand against her left palm. She went downstairs and out of the back door, which she carefully locked. Then she walked about the garden and in her old playground for several minutes. The mountain air cooled her and steadied her nerves; but a grim smile took possession of her lips, and her jaw muscles were firm. Then she drove back to the Springs.

THE next day Varner Haroldson was taken in custody by the police. He was found in Colorado Springs at the Santa Fe Railway depot attempting to buy a ticket to Wyoming. Lillian had told the police of seeing the man, and when later questioned at the police station he admitted that he had tried to enter the Hamilton Castle. He said that he had been frightened off before he was able to get in. The reason for his act, he explained, was to get a paper Mr. Hamilton had written when he was with him the day of his death, at last promising him a large donation, but he had not given it to him. Mr. Hamilton and he had at their last meeting become good friends, wiping out all animosity, he said, but he knew he was suspected in the murder case and was sure if this notice were found by the police it would serve as strong evidence against him. His fear urged him to recklessness.

His protestations of innocence were smiled at, for no such letter had been found nor was Lillian aware that her father had made such an agreement. Later when the letter Lillian found in Mr. Hamilton's secretary was shown him, Haroldson admitted it was for this that he had gone.

All the night before Lillian had lain awake thinking over her theory and becoming increasingly more certain that she had guessed the real murderer and the method of his crime. So confident was she that when she was permitted to see Arthur Goddard late that morning, she assured him that he would soon be freed and the real murderer would be unmistakably known. Goddard was a serious appearing young man, full of repressed energy, tho not of a nervous type. He was much impressed by his wife's confidence, and smiling his old, boyish smile, reached out for her hand and said, "Thanks, old fellow."

Now it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and Lillian was flushed and happy, for she had succeeded in winning the consent of the district attorney to try to prove her theory.

Exactly ten minutes later, Lillian rode in a large touring car with her husband, closely guarded by a detective. In front were the coroner and the chief of detectives. Behind came another automobile carrying uniformed police, Stuart Vyth, Varner Haroldson and the lawyers engaged to defend Goddard. Before the end of the hour the motor cars reached the mountain castle and the men, directed by Lillian, seated themselves on long benches brought especially for the purpose and placed in the garden on the side of the house where the body of the philanthropist had been found about a week ago. All sat facing a certain window in the second story of the castle.

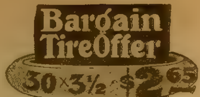
Lillian, accompanied by the two lawyers, then left the group and entered the house by the back stairs. They went directly to the room which had been Mr. Hamilton's.

"You know exactly what you are to do?" she asked of the attorneys.

"Precisely," the answered. "We have everything ready."

Lillian left them and went into a room in the tower and stood by a window where she could see into her father's room and also look out upon the men seated on the benches in the garden. She held a pair of field glasses to her eyes and carefully scrutinized the faces of the men below.

She knew exactly what the lawyers were doing, so she confined her attention



Bargain Tire Offer
30×3½ $2.65

Save ½ Your Tire Expense

Used Tires of Standard makes. We take these tires and by the most extensive and thorough methods put them in condition to travel many more miles. That's why our prices are so low. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere. We guarantee complete satisfaction.

Greatest Tire Values Ever Offered

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3½	$2 65	$1 10	33x4½	$4.50	$2.00
32x3½	3 00	1.25	34x4½	4 75	2.00
31x4	3 25	1.60	35x4½	5.00	2 00
32x4	3.50	1.60	36x4½	5.00	2.00
33x4	4.00	1.60	33x5	5.00	2.25
34x4	4 25	1.60	35x5	5.00	2.25
32x4½	4 25	2 00	37x5	5.00	2.25

All Tubes Absolutely New

SEND ONLY $1 for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. 5% discount if cash in full accompanies order. 10 per cent discount if ordered in dozen lots. Dealers Wanted. WRITE QUICK, while these prices are in effect.

HART TIRE COMPANY
608 South Paulina Street CHICAGO

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

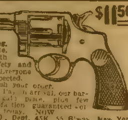
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 60c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.



$11.50
$35 Value

32 20 and 38 cal. long. Finest Steel, accurate, hard hitting, smooth action. Hammer safety and inspection plate. Everyone brand new and inspected. Limited Supply. Rush your order.

Send No Money Pay on arrival, our bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today. NOW

PRICE CUTTING CO. Dept. 45K, 55 B'way, New York

WERE YOU BORN UNDER A LUCKY STAR?

YOUR HOROSCOPE will tell you! Be Prosperous, Healthy, Successful in Love. Know your Friends, Enemies, Affinities, Improve Health and Prospects. Send Birthdate and 10 cents (stamps) for remarkable Test Reading.

ZANYA STUDIO,
200 S W. 70th St., New York City

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers, and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS
Make $10 to $20 daily selling Premier Knife and Scissors Sharpener

200% PROFIT or more. 9 out of 10 women buy. Produces keen edge quickly. Sells for 50c

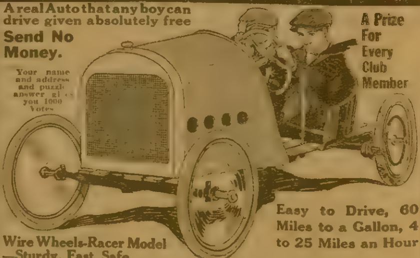
PREMIER MFG CO
Dept 40 Detroit, Mich

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

[illegible] letters, [illegible] We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses [illegible] Directory Lists to [illegible] advertising matter [illegible] Write your name very plainly [illegible] not make a mistake [illegible] street number and town name plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.



FAMOUS SPEEDSTER FREE

A real Auto that any boy can drive given absolutely free

Send No Money.

Your name and address and puzzle answer gives you 1000 Votes

A Prize For Every Club Member

Wire Wheels-Racer Model —Sturdy, Fast, Safe.

Easy to Drive, 60 Miles to a Gallon, 4 to 25 Miles an Hour

Can You Solve This Puzzle?

Make out the words spelled by the numbers below and win 1,000 Speedster Votes. The letters of the alphabet are numbered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. Each number represents a letter. Take a minute or two and solve the puzzle. It's fun. 1,000 Speedster Votes for your correct answer to the puzzle.

7	9	22	5	14	6	18	5	5

Just think of driving a car of your very own. Fun won't be any name for it. Pride and pleasure to the limit. A glorious summer of joy ahead of you if you will only act quickly at once—this very minute. Send your puzzle answer right now and win 1,000 votes for this wonderful little car. No losers. Every one who joins this club gets a prize. Don't put it off. The Speedster is Free and you might as well start to win today.

JACK ROSE, Auto Man. Dept. 3. 500 N. Dearborn Street. CHICAGO, ILL.

to watching the men on the benches. A glance told her that the attorneys were struggling with each other. Now the smaller one was choking the other, letting him slowly sink to the floor. [illegible] by the window the murderer could now be seen nervously gazing about, nervously afraid that some one would discover him and his crime. Quickly he raised a window, seeking for a means of escape, but none was afforded. Surely some one was coming; he must at least dispose of the body. Then he seemed to get an idea. He ducked back quickly, secured a window pole, and reaching far out of the window hooked the long rope swing hanging from a pine tree across the driveway. Now he was hauling it to the window, and then a body was entwined about the lower part (a dummy was used, apparently meant to be the taller lawyer). The "criminal" held the swing with its load poised for a moment at the window sill. Then he let it fly. Across the roadway it sailed, carrying the dummy. And as it swung out the coils untwined and dropped the dummy upon the ground over twenty feet from the window. The swing lazily settled back to the inanimate position it had held before.

All this time Lillian was intently watching the faces of a trio of men concentrating for the most part on one of them. No one cried out during the swift pantomime; no one laughed; no one became hysterical, nor screamed his confession. But the faces of the three men under surveilance, Arthur Goddard, Stuart Vyth and Varner Haroldson, told evident stories to the eager witnesses who were more interested in the play of emotion upon their faces than in the startling play of events in the second story room.

When it was over, Lillian slowly came from her place of vantage. Hopelessness and despair aged her and bent her youthful form.

When she stood before the men in the garden, she faced the chief of detectives. "Well," she said, trying to force a smile, "I guess I failed. I am sure of the guilty man, but I am afraid I didn't convince you. I didn't succeed as well as Hamlet did," and this time she did manage a brave smile.

The detective grinned and reached out for the young woman's hand. "Don't worry, Mrs. Goddard; this afternoon you freed your husband from the murder charge and revealed to me as certainly as when he's going to confess it, the man who is really guilty. I could read his face like a book."

Lillian was dazed. The world appeared to be covered with a thick haze, thru which she could see but dimly. Somewhere in this mist she watched the chief walk up to a man, lay his hand on his shoulder, and heard him say, as if he were yards distant, "That was a mighty clever stunt you pulled, old man. I'm sure you'll be glad to confess you are the originator of it."

And thru the clearing haze Lillian noticed a pair of old eyes light up with an insane pride, and lips part in a weird, fierce grin.

"I didn't think any one would ever get on to it," the man was saying. "But that there act in the window was just like it happened. I wouldn't be telling you this now, but he deserved what he got." And his face became soft with self pity and righteousness. "Mr. Hamilton, he discharged me, he did, sir. I loved Miss Lillian and first he told me to stay away from her, as if I was a common servant, sir. Then when I told him he oughtn't talk that way to me, sir, he told me I could go.

"That afternoon I killed him like you seen, sir. Miss Lillian would have loved me if that young Goddard hadn't come. I could have killed him, too, but I was tired from my struggle with Mr. Hamilton and he tied me up. Then Goddard told me of the note, he did, sir, and I seen at once how I could lay the blame on him if the police didn't get the letter, so I crawled around, still tied to the chair as I was, until I found the note. I took it off the table, with my teeth it was, sir, and when I burned it I cut my face. Thought I'd get blood poison, I did, sir——"

Slowly to Lillian's consciousness came the realization that Stuart Vyth was confessing!

She shook away her tears and her gaze found her husband's eyes, deep pools of admiration and love for her.

"Arthur!" she cried, and relaxed in his embracing arms.

* * *

The Audience.

"WHY do you insist on my joinin' the literary?" inquired Pansy's [illegible] I don't know anything about literature."

"That's just the reason. We must have one or two people around who will be obliged to sit still and listen and act as if they were being instructed."

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E South Bend, Ind.

A Smile or Two

TRIMMED

EUGENE O'NEIL said on the Majestic. "Europe continues to be a very dear place. You see, they have one price for us Americans over there and one price for the native-born. They won't let us profit by our exchange.

"At a Deauville hotel one morning I was bidding good-by to an American millionaire and his daughter as they were about to set out for Paris by road.

The daughter said as she put on her leather helmet in the hotel lounge:

"'Have we left anything, do you think, papa?'

"The father gave a loud, grim laugh. He tore his receipted bill into little pieces.

'Have we left anything,' he said. 'Lord, girl, you mean have we anything left?'"

◆

Naturally.

The ship captain and the chief engineer had a dispute as to which was the most important man aboard ship and agreed to change places. Soon the captain came up covered with oil and grease.

"Chief!" he called, "you'll have to come down here. [illegible]"

"Of course [illegible]," replied the chief. [illegible]

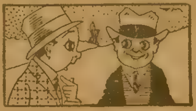
◆

All Boys Have It

Junior Jambar is out again, after being confined to his home for several days by a severe haircut.

◆

Couldn't See Any Change.



"I've just swallowed five cents!"

"Well, I can't see any change in you if you have!"

◆

Overheard.

"Is this news, [illegible]?"

"Yes, John, but why do you telephone? Aren't you coming home?"

"I'm detained at the office."

"What about?"

"A deal."

"Ugh!"

"I hope you don't doubt me, dear?"

"No; I could hear somebody saying it was your deal."

◆

One on Mother.

"Mother, am I really the image of you, or was that lady just trying to hurt my feelings?"

◆

WHAT NOT

"Are you there?"

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yeh, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt."

"John Watt?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, then?"

"Will Knott?"

"Why not?"

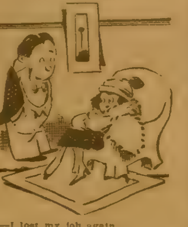
"My name is Knott."

"Not what?"

Brr, clank, crash, stars.

◆

He Was Canned, Too.



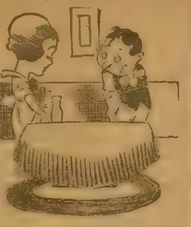
He—I lost my job again.

She—Yes, and before we were married you used to call me your sugar plum.

He—What of that?

She—Well, it's a nice jam you've got me in, that's all.

Whip It, of Course.



Wife—What shall I do to this cream [illegible] good for dinner?

Hubby—Whip it.

◆

Cut Out the Music.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson. "Dancing is mere hugging set to music."

"We might cut out the music," suggested a bad young man.

◆

Yes?

Uptown—Congrats, old man! Doesn't a baby brighten up a home, tho?

Downtown—It certainly does. Why, we have to have the lights on most of the night now.

◆

A Mark to Avoid.

"It's wrong to put temptation in de way of yoh fellow man," said Uncle Eben. "Foh dat reason, son, it's yoh moral duty to avoid bein' an easy mark."

Get Behind a Hohner for Happiness!

There's nothing like good music for happiness; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Any boy or girl can learn to play real music quickly with the aid of the Free Hohner Instruction Book, procurable at all good dealers. And all good dealers sell Hohner's Harmonicas—

The World's Best

"That Musical Pal of Mine" is a favorite expression among Hohner enthusiasts everywhere. Hohner enthusiasm is sweeping the country. Why don't you get in line for popularity and enjoyment?

Go to your dealer today, get a Hohner Harmonica—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 172, New York City.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Stylish Knife Pleated Skirt

$50 Parisian MODEL

Canton Crepe GENUINE Hand Beaded SILK Dress SALE $3.98 C.O.D.

Newest $50 Style. Snappiest, Parisian Model. Graceful lines. Everything a woman wants in this Stunning Canton Crepe Silk Dress. A master design for 1924, with latest vogue knife pleated skirt. For parties, dances, afternoon or evening wear. But look at our low price! Yes! Almost unbelievable. See it for yourself — At Our Risk.

Entirely On Approval

Not a penny do you risk. We guarantee to refund every cent if not entirely satisfied. BUT ORDER QUICK! We sacrifice profits to make new friends and OUR OFFER IS LIMITED.

Don't Send a Penny

Fashionably tailored of elegant material, excellent quality Canton Crepe. Richly Hand Beaded with brilliant lustre Bugle Beads. Round neck and smart kimono length sleeves with slit cuffs. Popular, Stylish, Knife-pleated Skirt. Beautiful Flower Rosette with picot-edge ribbon streamers adorning sash at waistline. Truly a slenderizing fashion, well made. Your friends will wonder how you can afford such beautiful dresses. They will think you paid four times as much.

Hurry! Just Send Name—address, size and color. Pay on arrival only $3.98 and postage. After try-on, if not delighted return and get your money back. COLORS: Black, Navy Blue, Brown or Tan.

Misses' Sizes—14, 16, 18, 20 Years. Ladies' Sizes—34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 Inch Bust.

Money Back Guarantee

FEDERAL MAIL ORDER CO.
Dept. 1043. 3748 Ogden Ave. Chicago

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . $2.00 a Year ☐
CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . $2.00 a Year ☐
Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, $3.00 a Year ☐

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $ ________ Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name ____________ St. or R.F.D. ____________
Town ____________ State ____________

No letter necessary: Just mail this [illegible] with remittance

The Romance of Jane Benson

By Muriel Alden

"MORNING, Miss Winnie. No luck for you this fine day," said the postman as he handed a letter to the girl who ran down the path to meet him.

Winnie Benson glanced at the envelope and sighed disappointedly.

"Are you sure you didn't overlook mine?" she questioned.

"No, Miss. I been fetchin' letters to you ever since you learned to walk and never a one have I missed. P'rhaps you'll have better luck next mail." And he continued his route.

"Wonder who's living away out in Seattle that would be writing to Jane," pondered Winnie as she studied the envelope and passed into the house in search of her sister.

The Benson home sat well back from the street. The large, rambling house, with its wire verandas, has been built years ago when labor and lumber were cheap; in more recent years had been added, both inside and out, many modern improvements. The result was a large, up-to-date city home, altho the little town of Huxley was far from being a city. The spacious grounds had also had been modernized: in front was a wide, well-kept lawn, with numerous shrubs and beautiful shade trees; at one side of the house was a tennis court—at the other side a large garden, which supplied the table with all sorts of flowers, fruits and vegetables. Back of the house the ground sloped away to the shore of a large lake—the entire side of the hill being covered with fruit trees, thru which, to the lake, ran a well-worn path. Altogether, the Benson domain was by far the most pretentious in the town.

Winnie finally succeeded in locating her sister in the garden, picking peas. Wiping her hands on her apron, Jane took the letter and read it all thru very carefully. Then:

"I think he must have made a mistake. I don't know what he is talking about."

"He! Who is he?" asked Winnie.

"He is the writer of this letter—Mr. Jeremiah Carlyle," responded Jane. "Help me finish these peas and then we'll go to the house and ask mother; perhaps she can shed some light on the mystery."

Winnie was fairly exploding with curiosity. Rapidly the two sisters gathered the well-filled pods; soon the basket was full and they carried it to the house. They found Mrs. Benson in the sewing room.

"Mother," said Jane, "do you know anything about a Mr. Jeremiah Carlyle, formerly of this neighborhood, but now of Seattle?"

Mrs. Benson slowly repeated the name and pondered for a few moments.

"Well, it seems to me some one by the name of 'Carlyle' used to live in the country between Huxley and Oakwood. When I married and came here to live, your Dad owned a branch store in Oakwood, and many a time I have driven up there with him. I used to know the name of every family on the road because the letter boxes were all new then, and the names were very conspicuous. I am sure there was a 'Carlyle.' Why, Jane?"

"Just read this letter, and see if you can make anything out of it."

Mrs. Benson took the letter, and, with a daughter on either side, proceeded to read it aloud.

The three women formed a very interesting group. A stranger would have said they were three sisters, for Mrs. Benson was still a young woman. Married at 17, she had really grown up with her daughters. Her well-proportioned figure was tall and stately; her hair, a dark brown, showed no trace of gray; her cheeks possessed a natural rosy tint, which no money could buy.

Jane, the eldest daughter, at the age of 22, was the exact counterpart of her mother. She possessed a mild, loving disposition, which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. The other members of her family were specially dear to her, and she would gladly sacrifice herself in any way, to make them happy. As a result she was generally imposed upon, altho she never realized it.

Winnie, almost 21, was entirely different. A trifle taller than her sister, and very slight, with coal black hair and eyes, and olive-tinted skin, she was vivacious and aggressive. Unconsciously the rest of the family always acknowledged Winnie as the brilliant one, the shining light, and anticipated great things for her. She had recently completed a course at a finishing school, and now at home, ready to take up a "career" or a husband, whichever came first.

THE letter was long; the handwriting, old-fashioned and hard to read; the composition, tedious. tA length, however, it was finished, and Jane said:

"Now, mother, what do you make out of it? Why in the world did he write to me? How did he ever hear of me?"

"Well," slowly replied her mother, "the letter means simply this: Mr. Jeremiah Carlyle thinks he has some [illegible] Carlyle estate located near here (evidently the one I referred to), and he would like you to tell him everything about the place, past, present and future. You'd better wait till your dad comes home tonight, and have him explain it. He will be able to tell you a great deal more than I, for he has always lived here and knows the old residents much better than I do. Likely he will explain why the letter was sent to you, for I am sure I can't imagine."

That night Mr. Benson returned home from his large department store, and was met by a rapid fire of questions pertaining to Mr. Jeremiah Carlyle. After reading the letter he studied for a moment and then said:

"Yes, girls, it all comes back to me. Years ago when I was a slip of a boy, Jeremiah Carlyle and his sister lived on the Carlyle farm up near Oakwood. They couldn't get along together, it was rumored, so he went West and left her to shift for herself. I never heard of him afterward. His sister—Mary, I [illegible] the little farm; she never married. Had a young couple who lived with her and looked after the place. Last winter Mary died, and I suppose Jeremiah wants his share of the property. I don't think there were any other relatives."

"But why did he write to me? How did he ever hear of me?" interrupted Jane.

Mr. Benson continued: "My father's sister was always a great friend of Mary Carlyle, and her name, before she married, was Jane Benson. Probably Jeremiah has forgotten that forty years or more are bound to make quite a change in peoples' names and conditions. That Jane Benson has been dead over thirty years—she married and died shortly after Jeremiah went West.

"Now that you've got the whole matter straightened out, Jane, I wonder if I might be allowed to ask when dinner will be ready. I'm starved."

"Oh, Dad," exclaimed Jane, "I forgot all about dinner." And she ran to the kitchen to give orders for serving the meal, for Jane had by degrees taken over the general overseeing of the whole menage.

That evening she and her father framed a reply to Mr. Caryle's letter, answering his many questions as best they could, and giving him as much information as they considered necessary.

SEVERAL weeks passed and the incident of the letter was practically forgotten. One forenoon in late July, Jane was busy in her garden, gathering luscious raspberries for lunch. She loved the garden, and many happy hours did she spend there, gathering fruits, vegetables or flowers to supply the family table. A gardner was employed to do all the work, but Jane could aways find something upon which to bestow attention.

Winnie and one her admirers were enjoying themselves at tennis, when a rather tall, fair haired, fashionably groomed young gentleman walked briskly up the path from the street, carrying his hat in one hand and a slender walking stick in the other. Approaching the tennis court, he graciously saluted Winnie.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Benson?"

Winnie beamed. She always beamed when a good looking man spoke to her. "Yes," she answered with her sweetest smile.

"Miss Jane Benson?" he continued.

Winnie's radiance dimmed just the least bit.

"No," she replied. "I am her sister, Winnie. Shalll I call Jane?"

"Thank you; I should be glad to talk with her if it is convenient. My name is Carlyle. I am from Seattle," he added, handing her a card.

Introducing her tennis companion, Earl Morton, Winnie left the two men together and hastened thru the house and back to the garden to find Jane.

"Oh, Jane, come, quick. A very stunning looking young man wants to see you. Here's his card. I'll go and entertain him till you're ready. You needn't hurry," she flung over her shoulder, as she hastened back to the tennis court.

Passing the large mirror in the hall, she paused a moment to dab on some powder and arrange her hair, which had become somewhat untidy in the strenuous game she had recently played. Then with a charming smile and her most captivating manner, she rejoined the men, and engaged in a lively discourse on tennis and other summer games.

Presently Jane came out of the house and was duly introduced. After a few common places, Mr. Carlyle addressed Jane:

"Will you favor me with a few moments, Miss Benson? I have a small business matter to discuss with you."

So they retired to the veranda, and Winnie and Mr. Morton returned to their game.

"Miss Benson, I am Jeremiah Carlyle [illegible] altho that good old-fashioned Christian [illegible] is more usually shortened into [illegible] My grandfather, whose name I bear, has rather complicated interests in the Carlyle estate near here. Feeling himself unfit to attempt the long journey across the continent to push his claims, he has delegated me to represent him. Recently he received what he considered a truly wonderful letter from you, which gave him much useful information pertaining to his former home. He charged me to seek you out, the very first thing after I arrived, and to proffer you his thanks."

Jane flushed and nervously twisted her handkerchief. Her visitor continued:

He also urged me to discuss with you the complications that have arisen; for, he said, your letter showed that you had a very comprehensive knowledge of the whole matter, and I would surely profit by your advice."

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, please don't flatter me like that," begged Jane in confusion. "Dad deserves all the credit. He knew all about the estate, and he fixed up the letter. I was entirely ignorant on the matter. All I did was simply to copy the letter from his notes. Please come back this evening, Mr. Carlyle, when dad is home. He will be glad to give you all possible help."

"Thank you very much, Miss Benson; I shall gladly accept that invitation." And rising, the gentleman took his leave.

THAT evening he returned. Winnie, bewitchingly gowned, was posing gracefully in a big chair on the veranda, where the cool looking ivy formed a most attractive background. Her eyes were apparently devouring the pages of a magazine. When Mr. Carlyle stepped up on the veranda near her, she started violently and dropped her book.

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, how you startled me," she fibbed airily, and stooped quickly to pick up the magazine.

At the same instant Mr. Carlyle stooped for the same purpose, and their heads bumped audibly. The gentleman was profuse in his apologies, but Winnie just laughed, and her merriment was so infectious that he laughed too.

Attracted by the unusual jollity, Mr. Benson came out of the library and inquired what all the fun was about. Winnie sobered sufficiently to introduce her father, and tell him what had happened.

"Well, Mr. Carlyle, that's what I call tough luck," laughed Mr. Benson. "I think you had better come into the library with me; probably it would be safer. Jane told me that the estate had become troublesome. Let's step inside and talk things over."

When their interview was ended, Mr. Benson led his guest to the large music room where the rest of the family had assembled. Winnie played and sang, talked and laughed and generally seemed to sparkle. Jane conversed well, but she lacked her sister's brilliancy. As compared with Winnie, she was like the opal beside the diamond.

When Mr. Carlyle rose to take his departure, Mrs. Benson urged him to drop in at any time; to make their house sort of a second home while he stayed in Huxley.

The next forenoon, en route from his hotel to the lawyer's office, he availed himself of the invitation to "drop in," by stopping for a very exciting game of tennis with Winnie. Jane was not anywhere to be seen. Mrs. Benson came out long enough to invite him back to dinner that night. Of course he accepted. He liked the family very much, and it seemed

Do You Suffer With Cough or Weak Lungs?

Here Is Something Worth Reading.

S. W. Brewer

Champaign, Ill.—"A few years ago I suffered an injury thru having a heavy wagon pass over the chest. After that my lungs were weak and my bronchial tubes were sore and in a congested condition all the time. I had a severe cough. I finally decided to give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a trial and it did me more good than any medicine I had ever taken from the doctors. It put me on my feet and I was able to go back to work and felt quite as well as ever.

"My wife has taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a woman's tonic and found it very beneficial in building up her whole nervous system."—S. W. Brewer, 309½ West Vine St.

All druggists sell these medicines of Dr. Pierce's in liquid or tablets. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free confidential, medical advice.

Jumbo Pumpkin

200 POUNDS

Jumbo Watermelon, 30 to 80 lbs.
Jumbo Muskmelon, 10 to 20 lbs.
Jumbo Pumpkin, 75 to 200 lbs.
Jumbo Cabbage, 10 to 30 lbs.
Jumbo Radish, 5 to 15 lbs.
Jumbo Sweet Corn, Ears 1 foot or more in length, and often 18 rows of kernels to the ear.

What do you think of pumpkins so large that it takes two men to carry one, and other vegetables as large as mentioned? These Jumbo varieties often grow to the sizes mentioned, and we can see no reason why you cannot grow them just as large, and perhaps larger, if you give them good care. Be the first in your neighborhood to grow these mammoth varieties, and take some prizes at your county fair.

Free Offer To introduce our big monthly family story paper, Home Folks, to new readers we will send a trial lot of seed of each of the above 6 Jumbo varieties free and postpaid to anyone who sends us 25 cents to pay for a 1-year subscription. Home Folks is full of good stories, latest fashions, fancywork designs, recipes, household helps and will entertain and interest the entire family. Send your [illegible]

HOME FOLKS, Dept. J. S. B. 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

WE SEND IT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success, send attached coupon today

The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Michigan.

and we will send you free our illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Company
260 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name..
Address.......................................
City......................... State..........

that he made a very favorable impression with them.

At dinner that evening the conversatoned turned to boating.

"Which is your choice, Mr. Carlyle," asked Winnie, ever on the alert to draw attention to herself, "boating a la motor launch or a la canoe?"

"Well, that all depends upon circumstances and conditions; alone, or with a fair companion, I prefer a canoe—with a crowd, I think a launch is a bit more enjoyable and comfortable."

"Mr. Carlye, you are positively clever!" retorted Winnie. "Just for that you are invited to the first picnic we have. I know men adore picnics, with all the cunning little ants and spiders on the sandwiches, and the dear little flies in the lukewarm coffee."

"Oh, I say," interrupted Jane, "let's go over to the island for supper tomorrow night." Then turning to the visitor, "I'll guarantee hot coffee and bugless sandwiches, Mr. Carfye. This will be my picnic, not the sort that my sister evidently enjoys. You know we have a perfectly lovely lake right at our own back door, and a charming island only about a mile away."

And so it was agreed.

ALL the next forenoon Jane was unusually busy preparing all kinds of delectable dishes. Deep down in her heart there stirred a brand new sensation—a feeling she would not put into words or even thoughts; but it caused her to give special care and forethought to the different articles she prepared and packed for her picnic. Finally in the late afternoon everything was ready. Pete, the gardener, assisted by Jerry, carried the various baskets and bundles to the shore and packed them in the motor boat. Mrs. Benson and the two girls soon followed. Pete was to take the picnickers across to the island, and then return with the boat, so Mr. Benson could join the merrymakers after his business closed.

"Let's take the canoe along," suggested Winnie. "I want to get some lilies after we reach our destination, and we won't have any boat if Pete comes home."

So Jerry and Pete proceeded to load up the canoe while Winnie brought the paddles. Then off they started, and soon landed at "Picnic Point."

When the numerous baskets were unloaded and the canoe safely drawn up on the sandy beach, Pete returned home with the motor boat. Leaving Mrs. Benson seated on some shaded rocks near their provisions, Jerry and the two girls set off merrily to select the right spot for the picnic supper. They soon found "just the darlingest snug little nook." as Winnie gushingly expressed it, adding:

"You wait here, Jane, and Mr. Carlyle and I will go back to mother and bring up the baskets."

Seating herself on a large flat rock Jane watched her sister and Jerry as they returned to the shore. Watched them with just the tiniest bit of envy in her heart. What a fine looking pair they were; how well suited they were to each other. Half aloud she spoke her thoughts.

"Dear Winnie! I wish I had some of your interesting vivacity. No wonder all the men take to you. You just can't help being attractive. Perhaps when you finally marry, then I will stand some show to get a hubby."

The others soon appeared laden with baskets. When these were all satisfactorily disposed of, Jane commenced preparations for a fireplace, and Jerry hastened to assist her, selecting and assembling flat rocks, and then arranging them like a primitive stove. Winnie and her mother sat in the shade watching the workers. Suddenly Winnie got up and approached them.

"Mr. Carlyle, are you going to work all the time? I thought this was to be a picnic. I'm just dying to go after my water lilies, but I hate to go alone. Won't you take me, please?" And the appealing look she cast upon that gentleman would have thawed a heart of stone.

"Your slightest wish is my command," he replied. "The stove is finished, anyway. But let us all go," he added looking at Jane. "The canoe is big enough."

"Count me out, thanks," called Mrs. Benson. "I'm scared to death of a canoe. I'll stay here and read."

"And I simply haven't time," said Jane. "You remember this is my picnic, and I don't want any one to see my dining-room till I am ready to show it to them. Besides, it's getting late. Dad will be here soon, and I wouldn't keep him waiting for the world. No—run along with Winnie, and be sure to bring me back a nice boquet for my table."

The slightest suspicion of a frown passed over Jerry's face as he turned quickly and followed Winnie to the canoe. A few strokes of the paddle sent the light skiff flying over the smooth lake, and soon they were out of sight among the marshes where, in the little creeks and ponds, grew the water lilies.

"Want any help, Jane?" asked her mother.

"No, thanks. Just make yourself cozy, and I'll attend to everything."

They had brought with them their regular picnic table, consisting in a folding bamboo framework for the bottom supports, and a folding top of aluminum Mr. Benson had long ago had it made to order, and the family now felt that they couldn't get along without it. Light in weight and very compact, it was easy to carry about, and took up very little space in the automobile or motor boat. Camp stools were always carried with it, and altogether is was a wonderfully comfortable picnic outfit.

Jane unpacked and set up the table, arranged the cloth, dishes, knives and forks and food (all carefully wrapped in waxed paper)—then covered it all temporarily with a large piece of muslin. Next, she turned her attention to her fire, and the preparation of the coffee.

Meanwhile her thoughts had been occupied with other matters. It was very plain to her keen eyes that Winnie was "setting her cap," to use a vulgar expression, for Mr. Carlyle. Jane was far too generous to do anything which would interfere.

"I shall do everything to help matters along, if possible. If he ever, out of courtesy, asks me to go any place with him, I shall make some excuse to stay home and let Winnie go. But I do wish she wouldn't wear her heart quite so plainly on the outside of her sleeve. She's as transparent as glass. But I suppose it doesn't matter; all men are blind in that respect. They flatter themselves that it is their own magnetism and charming personality, and that all women are just falling over themselves to load them with attention. Well, little sister of mine, I resign in your favor."

A distant "put-put-put" sounded on her ears and Jane looked up. Shading her eyes with her hand she scanned the dazzling water.

"Dad's coming," she called to her mother. "And here come the others, too," as she caught sight of the canoe nosing its way out of the marshes.

Winnie hallooed and held up a bunch of lilies. Jane waved to her and continued working. In a few moments both boats were on the shore. Winnie came running toward her sister and mother, with her arms full of the gorgeous, fragrant white flowers.

"Aren't they glorious?" she exclaimed, burying her face in the wonderful blossoms. "Want some for the table, Jane?"

Taking a handful, Jane repaired to her erstwhile dining-room and arranged them in a large flat bowl on the center of the table, then banked the bowl with cool green moss. The effect was very beautiful. Then giving a few finishing touches, removing paper covers and other unnecessary articles, Jane announced that supper was ready.

Mr. Benson and Jerry came up from the shore laden with campstools and Jane led her guests to the supper table. Every one exclaimed over the wonderful meal.

"Miss Benson," enthusiastically ejaculated Jerry, "you are either a fairy or a magician. This is a feast for the gods. It beats anything I ever saw at a picnic. The coffee is really hot and I haven't seen a bug," he added laughing.

Jane flushed with pleasure, and Jerry thought he had never seen a prettier woman.

The meal over, Mrs. Benson took charge of the packing up. Jane and Mr. Carlyle undertook to help her, but she sent them away.

"Be off, all of you," she said. "Take a stroll over the hill, across the island, and show Mr. Carlyle the sunset from the other side. By the time you get back it will be late enough to start for home."

"Miss Benson, won't you please be my partner in this cross country hike?" smilingly asked Jerry, as they left Mrs. Benson and went to rejoin Winnie and her father, who were standing down by the canoe.

"Thank you, I should love to; but dad hates to walk with Winnie. He says her irregular step makes him nervous; so he always expects me to walk with him. You take Winnie." But her heart ached just a little as she refused.

So off they went—Jerry and Winnie ahead, followed more slowly by Jane and her father—over the rocks, up the hillside thru the trees and bushes, across the wide open fields on top of the hill, and down a similar slope on the other side of the island—stopping here and there to look about and admire the wonderful view spread out around them.

When finally they returned, Mrs. Benson had everything ready to be carried to the boat, so they stowed things inside, fastened up the canoe and set out for home.

"Oh, Dad, don't let's go right home," pleaded Winnie. "Let's go for a sail around the island and down the river for a little way. It is such a perfect night, and it will be moonlight after a while."

So they changed their course, and went skimming along the narrow creek between the marsh and the island, and headed down the river. Trees grew profusely on each bank, and, on account of the narrowness of the river, almost interlaced branches overhead. The leafy canopy reflected in the mirrorlike river, gave the impression of sailing thru a tunnel of leaves. When the twilight began to pass into darkness, they turned about and headed for home. It was truly a grand night, and a lovely trip. The beauty of the whole scene seemed to cast its magic spell over the group, and they ceased their merry chatter, gradually becoming silent.

"'In Youth's bright hopes we gaily speed,
To reach the other side.'"

Unconsciously Winnie quoted, half aloud.

"'Manhood looks forth with careful glance,'" added Jerry.

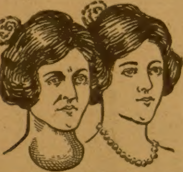
"Oh, do you know that piece, too?" asked Winnie in half amazement. "It is an old favorite of mine. Very few people have even so much as heard of it."

Jane sat silent; the charm of the evening and the gathering darkness

Remove Goitre At Home

Two Weeks Treatment Free

By merely sending your name and address with the few questions answered you can get a two weeks' free test of a treatment that has been a marvelous success in thousands of cases. It, is a self-home treatment without pain, danger or loss of time.



This Plainly Shows How This Remarkable Home Treatment Removes All Trace of Goitre Leaving Neck Smooth and Natural.

It stops the choking; you feel relieved at once; in many cases the goitre is nearly gone at the end of two weeks and even in cases of so-called pop-eyed goitre that had defied everything it has removed the goitre in time even where operations were supposed to be the only relief as a last resort. If you have a goitre, don't fail to send in the coupon today and make this free test without cost or obligation of any kind.

Two Weeks Treatment Free

This coupon and 10c to cover cost of packing is good for a Free Two Weeks' Treatment mailed free in plain package. Address W. T. B. Laboratory, 135 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

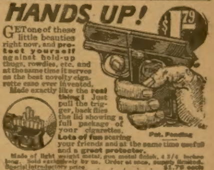
Age? ....How old is goitre?
.........years. Nervous? ....
Hands Tremble?............Do eyes
bulge?......... Does heart beat too
rapidly?.......... Health?..........
Name ....
Address ....

Child-birth

WHEN the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used 'Mother's Friend' and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-29, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

HANDS UP!



GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented. Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector.

Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 3/4 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price $1.79 each
PAY POSTMAN on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PATHFINDER COMPANY
Dept. Z98 534 Sixth Avenue New York

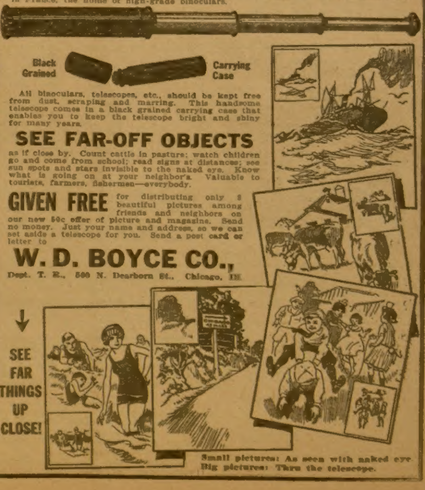
Stop Rheumatism In 48 Hours

Don't suffer from those terrible stabbing pains of Rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, gout and swollen joints. No matter how much you suffer, or how old or stubborn your case—no matter what you have tried—I confidently predict your trouble will yield to my famous Anti-Rumatix treatment, and your pain will vanish seemingly like magic. Many sufferers get amazing relief in only a few hours. To prove it, I am offering to send a $1 treatment absolutely free and postpaid to every sufferer who writes me. Since this never costs you anything and does not obligate you in any way, write for the free treatment today, and prove at my risk that you can be rid of Rheumatism. AUGUST EYSSELL, Dept. 742, Eyssell Laboratories, Kansas City, Mo.

THIS TELESCOPE FREE!

LONG RANGE. GENUINE ALL-METAL SECTIONS

Very high-grade and well made all-metal case with 4 sliding sections; measures only 8½ inches when closed—22½ inches open. Outside section beautifully black enamelled. Scientifically grained lenses. Made by largest binocular manufacturer in France, the home of high-grade binoculars.



All binoculars, telescopes, etc., should be kept free from dust, scraping and marring. This handsome telescope comes in a black grained carrying case that enables you to keep the telescope bright and shiny for many years.

SEE FAR-OFF OBJECTS

as if close by. Count cattle in pasture; watch children go and come from school; read signs at distances; see sun spots and stars invisible to the naked eye. Know what is going on at your neighbor's. Valuable to tourists, farmers, fishermen—everybody.

GIVEN FREE for distributing only 8 beautiful pictures among friends and neighbors on our new 50c offer of picture and magazine. Send no money. Just your name and address, so we can set aside a telescope for you. Send a post card or letter to

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
Dept. T. R., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Small pictures: As seen with naked eye.
Big pictures: Thru the telescope.

made her feel depressed: she was sad and lonesome. When at last they arrived at their own landing place, she heaved a sigh of relief. Winnie and Jerry started off up the hill, thru the orchard, to the house, carrying their share of the empty baskets. Jane followed more slowly with her father and mother. She felt utterly weary; somehow the joy of life had gone out of her. Unconsciously she sighed.

"Tired, Jane?" questioned her father. "Here, give me some of your bundles. You have more than your share."

Upon taking his departure that night, Jerry extended his hand to Jane.

"Thank you, Miss Benson, for a very, very happy day."

Alone in her own room, Jane stood for several moments studying her reflection in the mirror.

"After all," she murmured, "what do I know about him? Just four things," and she checked them off on her fingers; "he's here on business for his grandfather—he's studying to be a dentist—he has one year more in college—he goes back to Seattle in about two weeks."

And there she stopped—but inside, a "still, small voice" continued:

"He's good-looking and well-bred, and you like him better than any other man you ever saw."

Jane shook herself and muttered sadly: "Oh, what's the use! Nobody would take me if he could get Winnie. Mr. Carlyle's attention to me are simply out of courtesy, because I'm Winnie's sister."

Early the next morning Jerry walked downtown to a garage, and made arrangements for the use of a roadster during the remainder of his stay in Huxley. Later in the forenoon he drove to the Benson home. As he ran lightly up the path from the street, he spied Jane in her beloved garden, gathering sweet peas, so instead of going to the door he went directly across the lawn to the garden.

"Good morning, Miss Benson. Won't you come for a drive with me? I'm due in Oakwood in less than half an hour."

At this instant Winnie appeared. She had seen the roadster stop at the curb, and had watched Jerry cross the lawn to Jane.

"Bon jour, M'sieur Carlyle," she exclaimed gayly. "When did you arrive?"

"Just a moment ago. I'm trying to persuade your sister to drive with me to Oakwood. You'll come?" he added, turning to Jane.

"Oh, it would be impossible for me to go. Thank you just the same." Then noticing Winnie's somewhat anxious expression, Jane added: "Take Winnie. I appoint her my substitute."

Graciously he bowed to Winnie, and with mock gravity addressed her.

"Very well, Mademoiselle Substitute; we must start at once."

Sadly Jane watched them walk off together. When the sound of the motor died away in the distance she said, half aloud:

"There, I knew he really preferred Winnie. Had he been very anxious for my company he would have urged me a bit harder. Oh, well!" And shrugging her shoulders, she continued cutting the flowers.

FINALLY arrived the day before Jerry's departure for Seattle. The previous evening he had told Winnie (who, in turn, told the rest of the family) that he would be away in Oakwood all the next day, but would drop in during the evening to bid adieu. As a result of this announcement, Winnie had gone off early in the afternoon for a round of golf with Earl Morton. Mrs. Benson was enjoying her usual nap, and Jane had settled down in a cool, shady spot on the lawn, to read a new book. Suddenly she saw Jerry's car stop at the curb. When he alighted, he spied her, and quickly approached. Hastily she arose.

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle," she cried in dismay, "Winnie has gone off to play golf. We didn't expect you till evening."

"Hang it all, Jane! Why do you religiously throw Winnie at me. It isn't Winnie I want—it's you. Get a wrap and come for a ride."

He spoke gruffly—but to Jane it was the sweetest music she had ever heard. Never before had he called her "Jane." Without a word she ran into the house, left a message for her mother, snached up her hat and sweater coat, and returned to Jerry. Silently he led her to the car, and they drove away. Not a word was uttered until Huxley was left behind, then Jerry broke the silence.

"I have waited just three weeks for this moment, Jane. Why did you always turn me down?"

"I didn't think you were very anxious for me to accept," she returned.

Jerry groaned and drove some time without speaking. Then:

"Do you mind if I call you 'Jane?'"

He felt, rather than heard her answer. Poor Jane was so happy, she felt afraid to move, lest she awake and find it all a dream.

"Let's run away off to the Beach, have dinner there, and drive home this evening. Would you like that, Jane?"

"Oh, I should love it, Mr. Carlyle!"

"Please say that again and change that last word," he commanded.

Gayly she obeyed his order: "It would be lovely, Jerry."

Before she had time to realize what was happening, he had stopped the car at the side of the road, and turning to her took both hands.

"Jane," he murmured reverently, gazing into her eyes, "I have wanted you every day; I love you, dear. Will you be my wife?"

Her answer was scarcely more than a breath, but he seemed satisfied.

The Truth About Your Glands

How They Control Growth, Mental Activity, Disposition, Strength and Vitality.

Much valuable and startling information concerning the glands of the human organism, is contained in a little book published by the LEWIS LABORATORIES of Chicago, Ill., and this is sent FREE to any one who will send name and address.

So much "bunk" has been written and talked, and so many "barks," "compounds," etc., advertised as cure alls, that the public should be glad of this opportunity of learning the TRUTH from the largest firm in the world handling **actual gland substance.**

If you wish it, a FREE demonstration package of the world famous LEWIS COMBINED TREATMENT will also be sent you.

All you need do is to send your name and address on a postcard or in an envelope to the address below. Or if more convenient, send the coupon. There will be no charge whatever and nothing to pay the postman. State whether wanted for Male of Female.

LEWIS LABORATORIES
236 J Lewis Building
Cor. Market & Washington Sts.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me FREE and without obligation your booklet on GLANDS, and also a demonstration package of the LEWIS COMBINED TREATMENT for ....
(State whether wanted for Male or Female)

Name ....

Address ....

Town.............. State.............

TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

DEAR MISS PARSONS: I am a girl 16 years old and am desperately in love with one of my brothers-in-law. I have loved him ever since I met him, four years ago. Altho he doesn't say he loves me I know that he does, as he has told my sister that he does. How can I break my love for him? I want to love him as a brother, but not as a lover. I have gone with several boys, but love none. Should a girl write to a boy when she has only known him about thirty minutes? One of my chums ran away from home, but she is back. Should I still chum with her? Everybody is talking about her. My hair is brown and I have dark brown eyes, so please tell me what colors would become me? May I come again? SUNSHINE.

Altho you do not say that this brother-in-law is the husband of your sister, I am judging from your letter that he is. I am sure that his affection for you is merely the affection that he might have for his own sister, and nothing more. If he had cared more for you than for your sister, he would have asked you to become your wife. Dismiss the thought of really loving him from your mind. It isn't fair to your sister or to yourself to think that you can have what does not rightfully belong to you. Go out with your other friends and you will soon forget and then look back and think how foolish you were to believe you were in love with this man. Do not write to a boy you have known but thirty minutes. You might unintentionally write something which afterwards might cause sorrow on your part. Consult your mother about your continued friendship with your former chum. If she has done nothing wrong and is now being quite respectable, perhaps your influence might cause her to forget her old habits which might not have been good. Browns and tans will become you and if you are desiring a color which is brighter, I might suggest greens, henna or lavenders. Come again, Sunshine.

* * *

My Dear Miss Parsons: What is good for earache? There are a number of home remedies, but I do not know of any. I have earache quite often and I feel that some little thing will stop it in a short while, but I do not know what it is. INQUISITIVE.

If you are suffering from earache quite frequently I should advise you to see a physician. It is not natural for the ear to ache unless something is wrong. Some home remedy might be just the thing "not" to use, so I shouldn't experiment if I were you.

* * *

Dear Miss Parsons: My eyelashes and eyebrows have very little color and could you tell me of some treatment. I was told by a friend that it was because I had freckles and that the color came out in the wrong part of the skin. If this is so should I remove my freckles? I have a very bad habit of biting my fingernails. How could I stop this? I have very annoying white spots on my front teeth. Could you give me a remedy? D. E. F.

I know of nothing to remedy the pale eyebrows and eyelashes unless it is a preparation which is now on the market. It comes in a little cake with a small brush to be used in its application. It is harmless to the eyes and can be washed away very easily. Sometimes an eyebrow pencil will help darken the brows. Use will power to stop that habit of biting the nails. And be sure to use plenty of it. Quinine or some other bitter application will help to remind one when they start biting the nails. Keep a fingernail file handy and when you have any rough edges on the nails, file them before you bite them off. Consult a dentist about the white spots on your teeth.

* * *

My Dear Peggy: I am 16 years old and have been going with a boy 19 for about six months. I recently returned from a visit to a nearby town where I met a boy who took quite an interest in me. Now this friend here found out thru some source that I let this out of town friend hug and kiss me one evening. He has delivered a regular sermon to me about this and I have refused to permit him to call on me again. I am anxious for him to come and see me, but I still admit he had no business interfering as he did. What do you think about it? MILLIE.

I think that you owe this boy an apology for getting so huffy because he lectured you on letting boys hug and kiss you. You should be glad that this boy took such an interest in you as to show you what boys really think about girls who permit the boys to hug and kiss them. These actions only cheapen a girl and make her common and I am sure that your friend sincerely believed he was doing you some good, or he wouldn't have bothered about the matter. Admire him because he hasn't started such foolishness. Consider this boy a true friend and show your appreciation by apologizing.

* * *

My Dear Miss Parsons: I am 13 years old and have a sister who is 20. She goes out with boys quite a bit, but doesn't think that I should have anything to do with them. She says that I am too young. School is very monotonous and I do like to go to parties once in a while. Do you think my sister does right by me? My mother is dead. WEST VA.

Your sister is right about this matter, and do not think that she is trying to spoil your good times simply because she does not approve of your going out with boys. Your school books may grow monotonous at times, but you will regret it later if you quit school at the age of 13. You are still a child and should dismiss the boys from your mind until you are older. Your sister is doing her best in trying to help you and show your appreciation by at least being reasonable.

* * *

My Dear Miss Parsons: I have gone with a boy for two years and altho we have not announced our engagement, we have really talked seriously of the time we would get married. I am 19 years old and he is 22. He was recently operated upon and I sent flowers to the hospital and after he was better I called on Sunday afternoon with my younger sister. Several of my friends have told me that his mother resented this and was talking about me. I have always been nice to her, altho have never become very well acquainted. Should I call on him again before he leaves the hospital? WANTS TO KNOW.

I should think that after two years' friendship you might send flowers to your friend and call upon him during his stay at the hospital. Perhaps your friends are "carrying tales" when they tell you of this young man's mother saying these things. And, too, she is probably very much unstrung and saying little things, the meaning of which might be misconstrued by others. I am sure that your friend is lonely while he is in the hospital and will want to have callers when his physician says that he is able. Perhaps a little note occasionally will cheer him up and help pass the long hours.

* * *

Dear Peggy: I just returned from Sioux City, where I visited my cousin for two weeks. We had a glorious time and I am wondering if I should write her a letter of thanks even tho I did express myself while there. We have never corresponded very much, as my aunt and my mother write the letters. I am 16 years old. S. G. S.

You should write your cousin a letter of thanks for the very pleasant time you had while at her home. I should think that you and your cousin would have many happy things to write about and that you should enjoy carrying on a regular correspondence. Your mother might also add in her letter that you had a lovely time and appreciate their hospitality very much.

* * *

The Gift Beyond Price

"WHY the grouch, Webster?"

The young man addressed continued for some moments to gaze moodily out of the window before he answered:

"Uncle William, women make me tired!"

"Humph! Rumpus with Charlotte?"

"Well, not a rumbus, exactly, but she gave me back my ring."

"So?" The gray-haired man smiled, apparently unimpressed by this surprising bit of news. "All her fault, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course, not entirely. She got peeved—I know I shouldn't have gone. Oh, well, if she cares to get over it, all right; if she doesn't, she needn't."

"Webster," the elder man sank into the comfortable chair by the open fireplace, and motioned to his nephew. "Draw up that other chair and sit down. I want to tell you a story about a friend of mine."

"Go ahead."

"Webster, this happened several years before you were born. The friend of whom I speak—Tom—we will call him by his right name—loved a girl, just as you love Charlotte. She was a beautiful girl. They were engaged, and were to be married the following September. It was mid-summer when the quarrel took place, a misunderstanding, and determination on both sides not to 'give in.' They parted—just as you and Charlotte have done—and she gave him back the ring. Days passed; weeks; and all this time the boy was craving her companionship; thinking always of her; knowing that he had but to go to her and admit his share of the blame, yet too proud to go. And she? She, too, was proud and obstinate. In the meantime, another suitor saw and made the most of his opportunity. Desperate with longing and disappointment, she said 'yes' to the wrong man. Two months later he married a broken-hearted woman. She lived three years."

"I went to the marriage ceremony. I'll never forget it, nor the tragic look on that young bride's face." Again he paused.

"Was Tom there?" ventured the boy.

"Yes, Tom was there, and they both realized too late—their mistake. I remember she carried yellow roses—tea roses, I think they were—and half-way up the stairs on the way to her dressing-room she paused, and leaning over the banisters, tossed them out among the guests. All but one. That one she kept. And as she passed Tom on her way out, she pressed it into his hand."

"Did Tom ever marry?"

"No, he never married."

The two men in silence watched the last ember flicker, die down, flicker again and go out. Then the younger man arose.

"I'm going to Charlotte," he said.

* * * * * * *

Springtime! A day when all nature seemed to be bursting with the sheer joy of new being. Springtime! The air filled with music of the twittering and calling of birds. Springtime! mating time.

"Alone at last, little wife."

The girl smiled happily.

"Alone at last," she repeated. "Webster, who would think, to see us, now, that we ever could have quarreled?"

"We're never going to do so again, are we, dearie?"

"No, never, Webster. Wasn't it a pretty wedding, even if it was ours? The only disappointment was that your good Uncle William couldn't be here."

"Our Uncle William, you mean. Oh, that reminds me."

He drew from his pocket a small package and handed it to Charlotte.

"Uncle wished me to give this to you, to be opened when we were alone."

There was a note which they read together:

"My dear little new-niece: From an old man who might have been spared a life of loneliness had he but realized its value, comes this priceless motto: 'Bear and Forbear.' Cherish it as you do your marriage vows, for therein lies the secret of your future happiness. I learned it—too late. Webster will tell you the story. I, too, once loved—your mother.—William Thomas Akeroyd."

Silently they opened the package. Within lay a crystal jewel-casket, bound with gold. Inside of this, resting on its bed of crimson lay a single withered, yellow rose.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

SELL COAL IN CARLOAD LOTS. SIDE or main line. Experience unnecessary. Earn week's pay in an hour. Liberal drawing account arrangement. Washington Coal Company, 851 Coal Exchange Building, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: $11.80 DAILY IN ADVANCE; send for sworn proof, introducing new insured hosiery, 47 styles, 23 colors; guaranteed seven months. Summer line now ready. No capital or experience required; you simply take orders; we deliver and collect (or you can deliver—suit yourself); credit given; pay you daily, monthly bonus besides; we furnish samples. Spare time will do. MacOchee Hosiery Co., File 90061, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS, $20 TO $40 WEEKLY SPARE TIME appointing newsdealers, local agents to handle The Saturday Blade and Illustrated Story Weekly. Takes only few minutes to sign one dealer, each locality, for trial order. Clean, dignified proposition, liberal payment. Write, stating territory covered, to Dealer Dept. 40, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE $14.85 A DAY EASY INtroducing New Pioneer Guaranteed Hosiery. High class proposition. Paid daily. Free auto offer and bonus besides. No capital or experience necessary. Spare time will do. Samples furnished. Selling like wildfire. Write quick. Red Mill Hosiery Co., Desk 66, Greenfield, Ohio.

INSURANCE AGENTS BY OLD ESTABlished sickness accident life insurance, popular monthly payment plan. Attention fraternal and industrial workers. Good pay to active men or women. Salary contracts for state organizing when experienced. Address Insurance Room 257, 3123 Troost ave., Kansas City, Mo.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS. NO CAPITAL required. Monogramming automobiles, luggage, windows, wagons. Six initials bring $1.50—costs you only (6c). Transferred as easy as applying stamps on envelopes. No license. No experience. "Samples free." NuLife (C) Monogram Works, Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 833 Madison St., Dept. 23CD, Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL FULL LINE OF GUARANteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 411, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 13 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifixes, frames, sheet pictures, waterproof & tea aprons, merchants signs, silk and wool hose, rugs and 50 other specialties. Unequaled service. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk D-6, Chicago.

GOLD MINE FOR SALESMEN. NEW INvention, a complete outfit. Washes and dries windows, sweeps, scrubs, mops, etc. Costs less than brooms. Over 100% profit. Greatest year 'round seller. Write Harper Brush Works, 103 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

OUR IMITATION DIAMOND STICK PINS have wonderful brilliancy, very good looking and must give satisfaction or your money refunded. Send 25c (coin) for sample pin and agent's prices. Franco, 6423 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ABSOLUTELY FREE BOX BASSETT'S NAtive Herbs sent to introduce; for constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Big money selling all or part time. Established 1879. Bassett, Dept. H, Columbus, Ohio.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

NEW INVENTION BEATS VACUUM SWEEPer and all its attachments. No electricity required. All complete only $2.85. Over 100% profit to agents. Write O. P. Morgan, Mgr., 221 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS COINING MONEY APPLYING monograms on automobiles; you charge $1.50, profit $1.40; $15 daily easy; experience unnecessary; free samples. Worcester Monogram Co., Worcester, Mass.

AGENTS CLEAR $50.00 WEEKLY SELLING Opaline portraits. Expense money advanced. Credit given. Big line now ready. Samples & catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk 1, Chicago.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, ALL kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 29, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS — EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. 35 hosiery and neckwear styles. As high as 120% commission. 10% bonus. Send reference for samples. Lexington Co., Dept. 1321, Lexington, Ky.

$60-$200 A WEEK GENUINE GOLD LETters for store windows. Easily applied. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 435B, North Clark, Chicago.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

BIG PROFITS HANDLING OUR SECOND hand clothing. We also start you in this business. Experience unnecessary. American Jobbing House, Dept. 40, 2036 Grand Ave., Chicago.

WANTED: AGENTS TO TACK UP ADVERtising signs, distribute samples and introduce our goods in your locality. $35 to $50 can be earned weekly. Write quick. W. C. Co., Dept. 5, Tyrone, Pa.

AGENTS TAKE ORDERS FOR ATTRACTIVE rugs. Sells rapidly. New plan makes sales easy. Catalog free. Maisley Payne Mfg. Co., 24 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

CLEAN YOUR CAR FOR 5c. DRI-KLEEN-IT removes mud, dirt, dust. No soap or water. Agents wanted. Write Amer. Accessories Co., Dryclean 213, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY soap. Wonderful repeater and good profit maker. Free auto to hustlers. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. C21, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEW WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c PROFIT every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample free. Mission Factory, O. 519 No. Halsted, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MAKE $5.00 TO $25.00 A DAY selling a beautiful line of ladies' undergarments. Write for particulars. New Apparel Manufacturing Co., Lexington, Ky.

WOODROW WILSON'S LIFE BY JOSEPHUS Daniels going like hot cakes, send for free outfit, book written here. Jenkins Bible Co., Washington, D. C.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED PEOple. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 1333 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

"FREE SAMPLE CASE" — SOAPS, EXtracts, toilet articles. Fast sellers. Big profit. Bestever Products Co., 1940-W Irving Park, Chicago.

CAN YOU SELL FORD SIZE TIRES AT $3.50 each? Write for plan. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 113, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS ARE CLEANING UP SELLING THE National Patent Fibre House Broom. Free sample offer. National Fibre Broom Co., St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE: CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

$100 WEEKLY. MEN AND WOMEN. HOME work or travel. Experience unnecessary. Wholesale Supply House, Kalamazoo, Mich.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN 18 UP. Railway mail clerks—city mail carriers. $117-$192 month. Steady. Information free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M24, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered free.

STOP DAILY GRIND. MONEY—SILVERing mirrors, autolights, radiators, tableware. Outfits. Methods free. Write—Sprinkle, Plater, 222, Marion, Indiana.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

MOVIE FILMS FOR THEATRE OR HOME. Complete stories. Bargain special 1000 foot reels $5.00. Free list. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. H, Memphis, Tenn.

INSTRUCTION

USED CORRESPONDENCE COURSES bought and sold. Catalogue free. Students' Exchange, 47 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DOGS

BEAUTIFUL REGISTERED BULL PUPS cheap. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.00! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAKE 'EM LAUGH! BE AN ENTERTAINer. Learn the mystifying stage stunt "7,000 Jokes." Instructions, etc., 25c. L. Jack Pansy, 157 East 47th, New York.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. E. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

POEMS WANTED — SELL YOUR SONG verses for cash. Submit MSS at once or write New Era Music Co., 193 St. Louis, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

GET A UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT position. Good pay, short hours, vacation, sick leave, pension, etc. Prepare for railway mail, postoffice, custom house, internal revenue, rural carrier or other branches. Examination all the time. Common education sufficient. Let our expert (Former U. S. Civil Service Secretary-Examiner) train you. Guaranteed preparation. Write today for free booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Dept. 64, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN—AGE 18-40 WANTING RY. STATION office, positions $115-$250 month. Free transportation; experience unnecessary. Write Baker, Supt., 98 Wainwright, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; exeperience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. George Wagner, former Government detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

EARN $5 TO $10 DAY GATHERING EVERgreens, roots and herbs, all for spare time. We teach you. Book and prices free. Botanical 10, West Haven, Conn.

BOYS-MEN $35 WEEK. BECOME AUTOmobile experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. M 404, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED, CITIES, TOWNS. Experience unnecessary; particulars free. National Headquarters, 188 East 79th, New York.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $1600-$2300 year. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN MONEY WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, addressing, mailing circulars. No selling, we pay weekly. Send 10c for mailing cost. Rica Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. C3, New York.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188 La Grange, Ind.

WANTED—GIRLS—WOMEN 16 UP. LEARN gown making. $25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

REPRESENT US IN YOUR HOME TOWN. A responsible bond house (established 19 years) desires a local representative in each town and city, to sell bonds that are exempt from Federal income taxes. Good opportunity to make from $100 to $1,000 per month. No previous training necessary. References required. Address Box 36, Austin, Texas.

INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT 166 MAGazines thrice $15. Year $50. Wood's Popular Services, Atlantic City.

ARIZONA FARM LANDS

BETTER OPPORTUNITIES AWAIT YOU IN Salt River Valley, Arizona. Rich soil irrigated by the great Roosevelt Dam yields big crops. Twenty to forty acres enough. Moderately priced lands, easy terms. Unequaled variety of crops—alfalfa, grains, sorghums, cotton, livestock, winter vegetables, oranges, grapefruit and lemons. All-year growing season. Ideal climate for dairying and poultry with good local markets. Paved roads, good schools and city comforts in country homes. Winter days are days of sunshine. Here you can have a real "home." Write for free Arizona folder. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 962 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

20 ACRES OR MORE OF OUR BEST LAND in Michigan; $20 to $30 per acre; near town 3,000 population. $10 down, balance long time. 52 page book free. Swigart Land Company, X-1246 First Nat'l. Bank Building, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425, Carthage, Missouri.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 666 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

GIRL PICTURES

75 ART PICTURES AND BATHING BEAUties 25c (coin). Photo Sales Co., 6975 Pingree, Chicago.

MEDICAL

PELLAGRA SUFFERERS CAN GET WELL. Thousands of letters from patients have been received, stating that they have regained their health. There is hope for all who write to the American Compounding Co., Box 3159, Jasper, Ala., for their booklet on "Pellagra and How to Treat It." This will be sent you free, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

STOP THAT COUGH, BRONCHITIS, OR chest colds. Send name and address to Nature's Aid Medicine Co., Marysville, Ohio.

PERSONAL

LONELY HEARTS, JOIN OUR CLUB, BE happy, correspondence everywhere, many wealthy; descriptions, photos free; either sex; most successful method, 22 years' experience. Standard Corr. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

LONELY HEARTS — I HAVE A SWEETheart for you. Exchange letters; make new friends. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

GRAY HAIR UNNECESSARY — OUR NEW discovery sent on trial, restores original color in few days no matter how gray or streaked; no dye; makes hair soft, fluffy, lustrous; wonderful tonic; costs 85c if satisfied—nothing if not. State color of hair; full treatment sent at once. Economy Laboratory, Alameda, California.

DR. ROWE, 112 N. PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y. Twenty years specialist in kidney, urinary, heart diseases. Latest methods; painless cures; private institutional or home treatment; booklet 10 cts. Write today.

DESTINY'S SIGNPOST, YOUR HOROSCOPE points the way to success and happiness. Fifteen hundred word reading 25c. Give birthdate. Zelda Grey, Box A 1421, Washington, D. C.

HAPPY MARRIAGE; CONFIDENTIAL DEscriptions free in plain sealed envelopes; many wealthy; reliable; established 19 yrs. Bank references. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

YOUR HOROSCOPE WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation, life partner, etc. Send 10c, birthdate. St. Germain Society, Dept. 112, Sharpsburg, Pa.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER"; hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

PAY WHEN MARRIED—REGISTER WITH one of the oldest companies in America. Entirely new plan—nothing ever like it. Pilot Pub. Co., Dept. 1, Marshall, Mich.

SWEETHEARTS CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Ladies, gents, write enclosing stamped envelope, for sealed proposal. L. Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE — PHOTOS, descriptions, many wealthy, matrimonially inclined; mailed free. Cupid's Columns, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 70B, Camden, N. J.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICtures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

CALIFORNIA WIDOW WITH GOOD BUSIness income and ranch seeking marriage with suitable companion. Write Adele Church, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

LONESOME—WRITE ME, MARRY, HAVE home, wealth, happiness. Quick results guaranteed. Hyde, Box 305, (86-B), San Francisco, Calif.

LONELY BACHELOR, WORTH $100,000, will marry. Y-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

TWO YOUNG MEN WITH SOME MEANS wish correspondence with ladies; object marriage. Box 43, Caliente, Nevada.

"FACE ON BAR-ROOM FLOOR"—2 OTHER poems; catalog. All 4c. Gem Company, Michigan City, Indiana.

WEALTHY BACHELOR, AGE 30, WEALTHY farmer. Will marry. Ladies write. Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

DON'T BE LONESOME. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., Box 820, City Hall Station, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

SCANDINAVIAN CORRESPONDENCE — INformation 10c; free to ladies. Peter Hanson, Box 1005, Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

GET A SWEETHEART; EXCHANGE LETters. Ladies, gents write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN LOVE AND BUSINESS CHANCES. Send birth date and 25 cents (solver) for 1924 horoscope. Box 668, Lexington, Ky.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY—WEALTHY GIRL, CONSIDERED beautiful. Wants congenial husband. Eva, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF SINcere enclose stamp. Mrs. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

RANCHER, WORTH $75,000, LONELY, wants wife. Write: (B-L), Club, Garden City, Kansas.

LADIES, GENTS, EUROPE, AMERICA want correspondents. Universal Bureau—C S, Boston.

BEAUTIFUL WEALTHY LADY, 23, ALL alone. Wants husband. Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

PRETTY GIRLIE VERY WEALTHY WANTS honest husband. Club, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY MAIDEN—WEALTHY, BUT OH, SO lonesome. League, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Hidden Shakespeare Characters.

209—1. It is indefensible that violation of a solemn pledge made to his mother.

2. "Please, Mr. Wickham, let us play ball in your street," urged Joe and Jim.

3. Will you go to Rome or to Florence first?

4. Yes, Otto, the Lloyds are a big insurance company.

5. While arduous the climb, the view repaid the effort.

6. The boys, Tom and Joe and Mac, bethought themselves of an old anchor in the barn.

7. When rye, oats and barley are ground together they make good feed for animals.

8. Please hurry, Delia. Go and get my sealskin coat.

9. Merchants out in Mexicali banned tobacco from their stores.

10. He catered to the mayor and the fine folk of the town.

11. When my ship comes into port I am sure to pay you all.

Progressive Words.

210—1. He looked at his 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 without a 6, 7, 8, 9 and then turned back without giving the sentinel the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

2. The men who do not take active part in the 1, 2, 3 should not 4, 5, 6, 7 about defeats until their actions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 success.

3. In this land one can 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 his thoughts 6, 7, 8, 9 freely, but he should not push this liberty to the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

4. It is a commendable 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 in a boy 6, 7 girl to scorn a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Diagonal.

211—There are four words of four letters each in this diagonal. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their diagonal letters beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell a place where money is kept. The crosswords are: 1. Free from danger. 2. A body of water. 3. A light of yellowish shade. 4. A certain kind of tree.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

206—A Riddle.

Tongue.

207—Lost Letter.

Socrates. 1. PoSts, pots. 2. HoOps, hops. 3. ViCes, vies. 4. HoRse ,hose. 5. BeAds, beds. 6. PeTer, peer. 7. BEe, be. 8. PaSte, pate.

208—Two Three-word Squares.

J O Y　　O L D
O R E　　L I E
Y E P　　D E W

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

* * *

Revenge.

Mr.—Huh! Isn't dinner ready yet?

Mrs. (sweetly)—Why, no, dear. You see, I got it ready by the clock—the one you set when you came in this morning.

SEND YOUR NAME
AT ONCE
ENTER QUICK TO WIN!

Buick "SIX" Automobile Given Away

With Two Ford Touring Cars and 30 Other Grand Prizes All Free.

At last! Your greatest opportunity to own a splendid, big automobile. this glorious BUICK SIX Touring Car to be given away on Sept. 2, 1924. Yes, given away absolutely FREE. It is the newest and greatest BUICK, with that famous 6-cylinder, 70-horsepower motor, safe and sure four-wheel brakes—in fact, a splendid new Buick automobile with all the latest improvements, cash value $1,295.00, but will be given away free as first grand prize in the great W. D. Boyce Co. summer advertising campaign. Some one will win this magnificent automobile. It might as well be you. Costs nothing to try. Send your name today.

Do not let such a wonderful opportunity pass you by. W. D. Boyce Co. contests are famous for liberality and fairness. Bigger and more valuable prizes! All over the United States are happy winners of automobiles given free by the Boyce Co. No losers. Prizes or cash for all who enter. Get into this contest quick and make yourself a winner. Think of owning a magnificent BUICK TOURING CAR free of any cost. It has been done. It will be done again. You can do it, too. The Buick, two Ford Touring Cars, 30 more Grand Prizes all free, and cash for all who try. Jump in and get your share. Start quick!

Something for Everyone--No Losers

Our new Prize Automobile Distribution Plan assures every person who takes part—no matter how small that part may be—will be well rewarded for doing so. In addition to the 33 Grand Prizes liberal cash commissions will be paid. Now, with an opportunity of a lifetime to win a fine car so easily—backed up with the assurance you'll be liberally repaid in any event—you can't help but win if you will only try. Make the Start TODAY.

Guaranteed by W. D. Boyce Co.

You need not hesitate entering this contest. The W. D. Boyce Co., a million dollar publishing house, stands behind this offer with an absolute guarantee that the Prize Distribution will be conducted with the utmost fairness and the prizes awarded just as represented. In the event of a tie for any prize, duplicate prizes will be given for those tied for. Contest is open to any one living in the U. S. A., outside of the city of Chicago, except employes of the W. D. Boyce Co., and members of their families and except winners of our previous contests. No risk. Nothing to lose and a lot to win.

33 Grand Prizes!

1st Prize—1924 6-cylinder Buick 5-pass. Touring Car.
2nd Prize—1924 Ford 5-pass. Touring Car.
3rd Prize—1924 Ford 5-pass. Touring Car.
4th Prize—$150 long-distance Radio Receiving Set.
5th Prize—$100 Victrola.
6th Prize—$75 Diamond Ring.
7th and 8th Prizes—$50 Corona Portable Typewriter, each.
9th and 10th Prizes—$35 chest of Stanley Tools, each.
11th to 15th Prizes—$25 Elgin Gold Watch, each.
16th to 20th Prizes—$20 Eastman Kodak, each.
21st to 25th Prizes—$15 Tausca Pearl Necklace, each.
26th to 33rd Prizes—$10 Electric Vanity Case or Smoking Stand, each.
We pay War tax and delivery charges to your town.

Our Popular Plan for Winners

We publish three great papers, The Saturday Blade, the Chicago Ledger, and Home Folks—all widely known, very popular and inexpensive. We want to introduce these favorite papers to new readers in your community, so we offer you the opportunity to get this fine BUICK automobile as a free reward for the pleasant task of advertising the great Boyce papers among your neighbors and friends. Big pay for easy work. Act at once. Be first to start. WIN THE BUICK.

Over $3000.00 In Grand Prizes

When you want a Prize try for the best. No others so fine as these. Read the big list. Over $3,000.00 in Grand Prizes, and cash for all who try. You want an automobile. Might as well go after this glorious $1,295.00 BUICK SIX while you are about it. Two Ford Touring Cars with electric lights and starter both free, also 30 more dandy prizes free, too. Send your name and START TO WIN.

Anybody! Everybody! Write Me Quick! Come In and Win!

We have conducted many prize offers before, but this Grand Prize Distribution outstrips all previous efforts for liberality and generosity. The magnificent awards will be given merely in exchange for a little pleasant spare-time work introducing our papers locally. Surely you'd be willing to try that for the opportunity to win such a fine prize as the beautiful BUICK "6" or one of the Fords, wouldn't you? Three people now unknown to us will get these 3 cars on Sept. 2nd. Make up your mind now that you will be one of them. Send the Buick Coupon right away, get 5,000 starting votes, and then see for yourself how big it will pay you to get actively started for the big Buick Car.

DON'T DELAY—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Address Manager Grand Prize Distribution B44,
W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Send No Money---Rush Your Name and Address

USE THIS BUICK COUPON—QUICK!

GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION MGR.
W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Dept. B44, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Without obligating me in the least, please enter my name in the race for the Big Buick Six and Other Grand Prizes—also credit me with 5,000 Free Starting Votes, and send me your big circular telling all about this Greatest-of-All Prize Distribution.

Name.................................... Local Address....................................

Town.. State....................